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Northern Messenger

W Bronscombe 30 Sep 09

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For a bit of Sunday reading commend me to the "Northern Messenger."—W. S. Jamieson, Dalton, Ont.

'Consider Him.'

Hebrews xii., 3.

(Capt. R. Kelso Carter, in the 'Independence.')

He calms the strife of the warring will,
  He softens the hardest breast;
He speaketh peace to the troubled soul,
  And giveth the weary rest.

He standeth by in the wildest storm:
  When the waves would overwhelm,
The mighty grasp of His Pilot hand
  Holds steady my trembling helm.

—From 'Footsteps of the Master.' Published by Thomas Nelson & Sons.

HE STANDETH BY IN THE WILDEST STORM.

He feeds the hungry with bread from Heaven,
  And then, in the thirsty strife,
He cleaves the rock in the desert way,
  And sends the water of life.

He hears my cry, he drieth my tears,
  And waiting, I find at length,
He is better to me than all my fears,
  And stronger than all my strength.

He lifts the burden I cannot bear
  Just when I am sinking down;
He gilds the top of the heaviest cross
  With the flashing light of the crown

He feels the strain of the yearning love,
  When dear ones sadly part;
He bears the brunt of sorrow's stroke,
  He bindeth the broken heart.

In the darkest night He whispers low,
  Till Hope and Faith are one;
He leads through the dark, more safe and sure
  Than alone in the cloudless sun.

He eases pain and assuages grief,
  He comforts in all my gloom;
His peace throws light through the darkened vale,
  And a halo above the tomb.

He stays the heart 'neath the setting sun,
  Through the shadows, dark and deep;
He leadeth down to the water's edge,
  And gives His beloved sleep.

He breaks the bars of the prison cage,
  And beareth the soul on His wing;
The victory wins from the opened grave,
  And wresteth from Death his sting.

He cometh again with the trump and shout,
  And the hosts from the shining shore;
The Glory of God He'll bring to me,
  Forever and evermore.

Then soul! look back upon what he was,
  Look on through the ages dim;
He is and shall be the very same
  Christ Jesus. 'Consider Him!'

The Expulsive Power of a New Affection.

(By the Rev. Thomas Chambers.)

The love of the world cannot be expunged by a mere demonstration of the world's worthlessness. But may it not be supplanted by the love of that which is more worthy than itself? The heart cannot be prevailed upon to part with the world by a simple act of resignation. But may not the heart be prevailed upon to admit into its preference another, who shall subordinate the world and bring it down from its wonted ascendency? If the throne which is placed there must have an occupier, and the tyrant that now reigns has occupied it wrongfully, he may not leave a bosom which would rather detain him than be left in desolation. But may he not give way to the lawful sovereign, appearing with every charm that can secure his willing admittance, and taking unto himself his great power to subdue the moral nature of man and to reign over it? In a word, if the way to disengage the heart from the positive love of one great and ascendent object is to fasten it in positive love to another, then it is not by exposing the worthlessness of the former, but by addressing to the mental eye the worth and excellence of the latter, that all old things are to be done away, and all things are to become new.

To obliterate all our present affections by simply expunging them, so as to leave the seat of them unoccupied, would be to destroy the old character and to substitute no new character in its place. But when they take their departure upon the ingress of other visitors; when they resign their sway to the power and predominance of new affections; when, abandoning the heart to solitude, they merely give place to a successor who turns it into as busy a residence of desire and interest and expectation as before, there is nothing in all this to thwart or to overbear any

of the laws of our sentimental nature, and we see now, in fullest accordance with the mechanism of the heart, a great moral revolution may be made to take place upon it.

This, we trust, will explain the operation of that charm which accompanies the effectual preaching of the gospel. The love of God and the love of the world are two affections not merely in a state of rivalship, but in a state of enmity—and that so irreconcilable that they cannot dwell together in the same bosom. We have already affirmed how impossible it were for the heart, by any innate elasticity of its own, to cast the world away from it and thus reduce itself to a wilderness. The heart is not so constituted and the only way to dispossess it of an old affection is by the expulsive power of a new one. Nothing can exceed the magnitude of the required change in a man's character—when bidden as he is in the New Testament to love not the world; no, nor any of the things that are in the world—for this so comprehends all that is dear to him in existence as to be equivalent to a command of self-annihilation. But the same revelation which dictates so mighty an obedience places within our reach as mighty an instrument of obedience. It brings for admittance, to the very door of our heart, an affection which, once seated upon its throne, will either subordinate every previous inmate or bid it away. Beside the world, it places before the eye of the mind Him who made the world and with this peculiarity, which is all its own, that in the gospel do we so behold God as that we may love God. It is there, and there only, where God stands revealed as an object of confidence to sinners—and where our desire after him is not chilled into apathy by that barrier of human guilt which intercepts every approach that is not made to him through the appointed Mediator. It is the bringing in of this better hope whereby we draw nigh unto God—and to live without hope, is to live without God, and if the heart be without God, the world will then have all the ascendency.

Which?

Reader, there are two ways of beginning the day—with prayer and without it. You begin the day in one of these two ways. Which?

There are two ways of spending the Sabbath—idly and devotionally. You spend the Sabbath in one of these ways. Which?

There are two classes of people in the world—the righteous and the wicked. You belong to one of these two classes. Which?

There are two great rulers in the universe—God and Satan. You are serving under one of these two great rulers. Which?

There are two roads which lead through time to eternity—the broad and the narrow road. You are walking in one of these two roads. Which?

There are two deaths which people die—some 'die in the Lord,' others 'die in their sins.' You will die one of these deaths. Which?

There are two places to which people go—heaven and hell. You will go to one of these two places. Which?

Ponder these questions; pray over them; and may the issue be your salvation from 'the wrath to come.'—'Parish Visitor.'

An Angel of Mercy.

It is said of the saintly George Herbert, the quaint old English Church poet, that once in a walk to Salisbury, to join a musical party, he saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load. They were both in distress and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and afterwards load his horse.

The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man, and was so like the good Samaritan that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse. Thus he left the poor man; and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed.

But he told them the occasion; and when one of the company told him 'he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment,' his answer was, that the thought of what he had done 'would prove music to him at midnight,' and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience whensoever he should pass by that place; for if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I pray for; and let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy, and bless God for this occasion.'

Oh, how many might have the anxious thoughts which often infest their midnight hours changed into sweet music, if they would only be more frequently seen with full hands and friendly words in the abodes of poverty and suffering! These are the places in which to attune one's conscience to midnight harmonies!—'Friendly Greetings.'

Work in Labrador.

SOME DRAWBACKS AND BRIGHT PROSPECTS IN DR. GRENFELL'S PARISH.

Dear Mr. Editor,—There were some major operations to undertake awaiting our arrival, and Dr. Mason Little had returned to help with them.

There were also some questions to settle respecting the reindeer that had arrived during the summer. The fawns were as large and fat as the does, but that was because the good moss had been supplemented by the mother's milk as well, and the supply for use was proportionately small; most had gone in cheeses. This was not to be deplored, however, for we want above all at first to build up the herds, and it seems likely that even some of this year's fawns may now have young next year. We have so much work getting up the corral, finding the best grounds and getting the new herders, that we have necessarily had to postpone the attempt to incorporate a number of wild caribou with our herd, but this we had noted to try and plan for, and Mr. Lindsay (who is in charge) thinks he sees his way to go over to the west coast, with or without tame caribou, for that purpose before spring comes on. To us the future of the reindeer seems absolutely assured. A large bulk of moss has, under the guidance of the Lapps, been gathered on a marsh near the hospital and housed there, so that if the geldings are in regular use, we may be sure of feed for them, without having to run the risk of losing them temporarily by poor tethering while they are being needed. The stags at present are so fat and sleek and heavy they look as if they would tell quite a different story next spring in regard to driving. Only one cloud hangs over our people now, and that is the great drop in the price of fish. The markets seem glutted abroad, and the great catch of Nova Scotians and French is depriving us of some of our best outlets. A man here with fifty quintals for his catch thought he was going to be rich till this very week, when he suddenly finds it is only worth $100 instead of $250, so that besides not having any provision for winter, he cannot even discharge his debts. Fortunately the last good years have set many free, and our own co-operative districts, where a method for encouraging thrift has been close at hand, find a prepared people. The losses to the co-operatives themselves too will be practically nil. They stand for sound business, and no gambling. Not only have they no credit out hardly, except such as they are sure of, but they only sell fish for the fishermen and give them the proceeds, treating it thus as cash. At first the men wouldn't deal much on those lines. They had been accustomed to sell at so much per quintal all through, to take up a hypothetically larger return in goods from the trader. But they are learning that is not sound business, and what is better, the trader too is finding it possible to do as the stores are doing, i.e., to collect fish 'at the price it fetches.' This year he must either have done that or made great losses, to be recouped for the exorbitant prices, for no one would guess the fall in price was going to be so terrible, and it is certain the fish was never sold to them on that supposition.

Strange to say, the extraordinary fine summer, and the great amount of fish caught in the fall, have both been opposed to the fishermen's interest. The fine weather made the fish cured easily, and flooded the markets all at once. The plenteous fish being caught late gave the impression there would be a surplus, and forced sales later on. Such a series of influences are all going to do good in the end. The home-loving Newfoundlanders need have no fear. The island home is a good home, and can feed its people. There are countless markets for fish to be opened up yet. Mexico and the South American republics don't get half they can consume, and far off places like Madagascar and East and West Africa could use it. All we want is more markets—more markets—more markets. The abundance of the sea here has never been more eloquently testified to than this year, for when I left the coast in the end of October the Bankers' dories were still coming in log loaded, as far north as the frigid Belle Isle Straits. The future, we think, of Labrador fishing also lies in long lining and banking, for the eddying cold current has again shown the trap net men that the rush of cod to the rocks is not to be depended on, a fact that I believe is alone responsible for the almost complete failure of the enormous northern fleet of vessels. I am as firm an optimist as ever even for Labrador as a valuable asset of the Empire. The pulping lands, carrying 12 cords to the acre, the enormous water powers, the valuable fishing, the vast feeding grounds for food animals such as these reindeer, and possibly the yaks which Lord Grey is introducing with Mr. Seton Thompson, into Canada, and other such animals, the possibilities of other foods also when the Luther Burbanks of one hundred years hence have had time to put their minds to it, all speak to me of Labrador and Newfoundland being a more desirable country than at present the English dream of, as existing out here. I have said nothing of the minerals. They also must have some future. Coal is again being found in Southern Labrador. It may next year possibly turn out a splendid coaling depot, and at least we have no sunstroke, malaria, yellow jack, plague, Malta fever, dust and consumption, and other abominations of so-called more desirable sections of the Empire.

As I sit on the rail of this old schooner this morning, Mr. Editor, with my back to a tarry rigging, finishing this epistle to you on my knee, the glorious breeze of heaven is forcing life into one's veins, the dance of the sea and moan of the spars as they surge against the mast, afford a sort of psycho therapeutic restfulness that rival the best attraction of the country as against the city. Here is rest. Here is scope for personality. Here are few temptations to the self-indulgence which destroys the best life of so many ashore. Here is health and sufficient, and countless chances among our fishermen of the joys of service. As the summer is closing, as our vessels go into winter quarters, as one looks back, as it were, on a milestone passed, we at least have no regrets that our lot is not cast elsewhere, and what is more, I firmly believe that if so much nonsense was not talked about the hardship and self-sacrifice of the mission field, there would more good work be done in the mission field, even if every candidate was not gifted with the eloquence of the professional sermon maker.

W. T. GRENFELL.

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LESSON,—SUNDAY, JANUARY 24, 1909.

The Lame Man Healed.

Acts iii., 1-16. Memory verses 9, 10. Read Acts iii., 1-26.

Golden Text.

His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know. Acts iii., 16.

Home Readings.

Monday, January 18.—Acts iii., 1-11.
Tuesday, January 19.—Acts iii., 12-26.
Wednesday, January 20.—Luke v., 17-26.
Thursday, January 21.—Matt. x., 1-15.
Friday, January 22.—Isaiah 35.
Saturday, January 23.—1. John 1.
Sunday, January 24.—John iii., 9-21.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have you ever seen your father write out a check to pay some one a certain sum of money? He writes on the slip of paper 'Pay to so-and-so the sum of so many dollars and cents,' and is that all? No. When he has written that it is still no good at all until he signs his name to it. You see, the bank that holds anyone's money can't give it away to anyone else unless they have the first person's authority for it. There is something like presenting a check in all prayers we say, you know. Of course, we can't go to God and ask for all sorts of things in our own name, because we can't run an account with God, but Jesus has given us a full right to use His name when we go to God for anything, and so we end all our prayers by saying—what? 'For Jesus' sake, Amen.' 'Amen' just means 'so let it be,' so we end our prayers by saying 'its all this for Jesus' sake.' We want God to give us so much protection, care, help, or whatever we need, so we send up to him our prayers which are like checks signed with Jesus' name. Has God promised to give us what we ask for in Jesus' name? Yes, indeed he has, but there is one thing about praying that is quite different to just passing in a check at a bank. You must have faith when you pray. You know a bank will pay the money for a genuine check no matter if the person who presented it didn't think they would, but God tells us that we must have faith if we are to draw power and help from Heaven in Christ's name, and that is what our golden text mentions. It says 'His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong.' Our lesson story to-day is about a big check that Peter once made on God's bank of power and love in Heaven. He made it out in Christ's name and sent it up to God in faith, and he got what he asked for, and then gave it all to a poor lame beggar.

FOR THE SENIORS.

The time of to-day's lesson may have been but shortly after the great ingathering of souls at Pentecost, and it may have been as much as two years after, since the first persecution of the church was not until about two years had elapsed. Verses 41-47 of the previous chapter may well cover a considerable lapse of time, so we may fairly consider the church in Jerusalem at this time with its original one hundred and twenty members (Acts i., 15), its Pentecostal addition (Acts ii., 41), and its daily increase (Acts ii., 47), a strong and growing institution. They had not, however, yet greatly roused the opposition of the Jewish authorities. For one thing it is evident they did not consider a break with the old ways necessary. The Christians, who were all Jews so far, still attended the temple services (verse 1); Christ had done so and it seems probable that it required the persecution at Jerusalem, and even the destruction of the city and the temple itself, to make the early Christians realize the true breadth of their religion. However, it was no slavish subserviency to custom that took Peter and John into the temple at the customary hour of prayer. Let us all form habits of regularity in the service of God, regular prayer, regular attendance at His services, regular giving:—if at any time they should bind our hands or cramp our efforts, God will lead us into the better way He may have prepared for us. Meanwhile it is through the regular channels that most of the world's traffic goes; the intermittent streams that rise and fall cannot be counted upon. It was in the performance of what was to them a daily duty (Acts ii., 46) that God gave Peter and John the opportunity for higher service. This great miracle was only one of several that created a stir in the city at that time (Acts ii., 43), and its prominence here is due to its particular importance and consequences. Some have wondered why, if the man lay daily at this gate (verse 2) and Peter daily passed that way, the apostle should have put off the miracle of healing awhile. The pitiful plight of the man must have been evident to Peter, for it was well known to all who came to the temple (verses 9, 10). It seems probable that Peter was waiting for that touch of faith in the man's soul without which no miracle could be. The company of joyful friends who regularly attended the temple, must have attracted everybody's attention by now, and indeed many who heard the apostles daily instructing their followers and praising God in the temple courts, were drawn into their ranks. It is more than probable that the lame man had come to see in Peter and John more than the ordinary passers-by, and that accounts for his readiness to take them at their word and make the attempt to rise where 'ordinary common sense' would have told him it was impossible.

(FROM PELOUBET'S 'NOTES.')

Verse 2.—'This custom continues without the slightest change throughout the East. The lepers, the blind, the cripples, have each their accustomed spot in the thoroughfares, but especially outside the city gates, and outside the doors of the mosques, to which they are led or carried daily by their friends, and where they sit, with their wooden bowls in front of them, to receive the alms of the passers-by, uttering their piteous ceaseless wail. . . . To relieve these miserable objects is an acknowledged religious duty in lands where no organized system of relief or of hospital exists; and, I must add, from personal observation, that it is a duty not neglected, even by the poorest, especially when on their way to worship.'—Canon Tristram.

This place and this hour were the most favorable for the sick and the poor to ask alms. For here all the worshippers must go; and the kindest and most sympathetic people in the world are praying people. Persons who obey the first table of the law are most likely to obey the second. Nine tenths of all the money raised for benevolent purposes, and for the support of our charitable institutions, comes from the pockets of those who go 'up to the temple at the hour of prayer.' Giving is a part of worship, one way of expressing love and devotion to God.

It is wonderful what has been done and is doing. Almost all organizations for helping men—and the very names and officers of such organizations fill a huge volume in every great city—are manned by Christian men.

'Love, if present, will bring its own methods suited to the hour and circumstance. We must insist upon it as the great and only successful solvent of the perplexing problems of to-day. Avarice, oppression, and envy would depart, and no suffering which a brother could relieve would affect the humblest member of society.'

Verse 7:—

'Not what we give, but what we share,—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and me.'
—Lowell.

Sec. Charles J. Bonaparte, of President Roosevelt's Cabinet, is reported as saying in a late address:

'I was much impressed by a sermon I once heard on the gospel story of the paralytic to whom was said, "Arise, take up thy bed, and go unto thy house." The clergyman who preached it suggested that the invalid might most reasonably have replied, "Sir, I have not walked for years; for this did I come to thee; heal me 'first,' and most gladly will I 'then' obey thy words.' Such an answer would have been reasonable; and, had he made it, he had not been healed.

'So, if we wait for existing evils to be cured by Providence or to cure themselves, wait for some great change to come somehow, we know not how or when, and, while it is coming, content ourselves with telling what we will do when it comes, or would do, were it here, it will simply not come at all; and we shall lie as we lay before, prostrate and helpless.

'But if, letting Utopia take care of itself, dealing with a present duty, which of a surety needs and deserves our full strength, we obey the voice of honor and conscience within us, and do what we know ought to be done now and here, that which seemed impossible may well come to pass; indeed, it will surely come to pass if we but try and try without ceasing to bring it.'

Jesus used continually the laws of material nature and the laws of human nature in his work for man. In a large part of his mission it was not easy to distinguish how much was natural, and how much from the direct action of Jesus' personal, supernatural power. Both were there. Some writer has said, 'When the ship turns from her course just as a rock looms up before her, it does not weaken our conviction that a pilot is at the helm to learn that the ship has been turned by the pressure of her rudder against the waves. The question is, How came the pressure then and there? and there is no satisfactory explanation but the directing hand of the pilot.'

The sympathy you hesitated to offer because it was all you had at hand was the thing most needed by your struggling friend. —O. P. Fitzgerald.

It is only necessary to be good and brave and true and patient and we give our brethren gifts far beyond all value, great, generous impulses and strong, true principles.—Phillips Brooks.

Service is the coin in which humanity's greatest debts are paid.—William Allen White.

He who estimates his money the highest values himself the least.—Orison Swett Marden.

BIBLE REFERENCES.

John xiv., 13, 14; Mark xvi., 17, 18; Matt. xi., 2-6; xxv., 34-46; John xiv., 12.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, January 24.—Topic—The lame man at the Beautiful Gate. Acts iii., 1-10.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, January 18.—Temptation. Gen. iii., 1-11.

Tuesday, January 19.—Faith and works. Gen. vi., 13-22.

Wednesday, January 20.—The great surrender. Gen. xii., 1-7.

Thursday, January 21.—The suburbs of Sodom. Gen. xiii., 5-13.

Friday, January 22.—Isaac, the sacrifice. Gen. xxii., 1-19.

Saturday, January 23.—Jacob, the unforgotten. Gen. xxviii., 10-22.

Sunday, January 24.—Topic—Life lessons for me from the book of Genesis. Gen. i., 1-8, 26-31.

A Question in Pedagogy.

How shall we put the work of three months into half an hour? It cannot be done, and it is idle to try to do it. A review is not intended to be a rehearsal. Most of the work must be left out. Indeed, most of the real contents of every Sunday's lesson has to be left out. 'Well, what can we do, then?' Try these suggestions:

Run over the whole in outline.
Touch the main points.
Gather up the work into a unity.
Make the work as much a test as possible.
Have an eye to constructive efforts.
Deepen the best impressions.
Preserve the symmetry and the perspective.

Perhaps, after the general survey, one great thought might be selected for special treatment.—Morning 'Star.'

What We Have to Do.

(The Rev. John F. Hill, D.D., in the 'Presby-'erian Banner.')

The following extract from a sermon delivered before the students of Yale University by Dr. Lyman Abbott is heartily commended to the candid consideration of the readers of this column:

'What we have to do is to crush out vice completely. Simply to put it out of sight, to put a criminal in jail and then forget all about him is not the way to get rid of vice. We must not take the vice of a city, put it off in a ward by itself, and command it to remain there. It will not do so. The rest of the city will become tainted. You cannot put sin in one corner of the world and call that hell. You cannot have typhoid in these hills and not have it in the city.

'There is no reform except as that reform makes it easy to abolish and destroy vice. At first everybody sold liquor and would make a man drunk for a penny and dead drunk for a sixpence. Then people thought that there should be some restraint put upon the sale and they began to seek out good and virtuous men to sell liquor. They followed this with the high license. But such a system only gets rid of a part of the evil. The only way to rid the land of the evil is to wipe it out.

The young man to-day stars out with enthusiasm and is laughed at. He is told that drunkenness, licentiousness and lawlessness have come to stay. I say they lie. It is courage and virtue that have come to stay. No compromise must be made with wrong. What are we here for? First to get control of the world. That is civilization. Second, to overcome moral evil. That is Christianity. But the fight is a long one. My father used to say that if all the luke-warm Christians could be taken out of the churches and each one of them turned into 10 blatant infidels the Church could appoint a day of rejoicing. I agree with him.

'We have as good government in our cities as we deserve. If gambling is carried on there, if vice walks the streets and flourishes under police protection, it is so because the honest, reputable citizens do not care enough about honesty and rectitude in municipal affairs to get out and abolish the evil.'

Teetotal Nurses and Doctors.

Sir Thomas Barlow, the King's physician, says:—'No half measures would do . . . drugs, moreover, are useless. In some cases nurses, and even doctors, ask, "Why do you not give these people a little alcohol, just to stimulate them when they have this dreadful weakness, heart failure, and pain?" And it is just this damnable thing that you have to stop. If you have any cases of alcoholic disease among your friends, I beseech you to get doctors and nurses who are teetotalers. Don't let them fall into the hands of a doctor who orders stimulants for them.'

Tea v. Alcohol.

At a Glasgow Parish Council meeting recently, a Mr. Stewart, one of the members of the Council, was reported to have said, during the course of a discussion on the supplying of alcoholic drink to patients in the parish hospital:—'They had it on the authority of one of the greatest mental specialists in the kingdom, Dr. Clouston, of Edinburgh, that inordinate tea-drinking was much more dangerous and insidious than alcoholic excess.' Mr. Stewart added—'The majority of nervous diseases, the same authority held, arose from the taking of such non-alcoholic stimulants.'

A correspondent who sent on the words to Dr. Clouston has got his reply, in which he says—'I certainly never talked or wrote such unscientific rubbish and pernicious nonsense as Mr. Stewart says I did.' Continuing, he says—'Tea is scientifically proved to be the safest of all the nerve stimulants. Taken in reasonably moderate quantity, there is no proof whatever that it does any real harm in an ordinary constitution. Taken in immoderate quantity it certainly does harm, but its ill effects cannot be compared with those of alcohol for a moment. The whole medical profession will back me out in these opinions, and experience leaves no doubt whatever.'—Selected.

Come All Ye Young Teetotalers.

Come, all ye young teetotalers—
  Come with us while we go
To fight with old King Alcohol,
  A brave and mortal foe.

Then rouse, my lads, then rouse ye up;
  Come forward, every one;
We'll banish far the poison cup,
  Nor stop till vict'ry's won.

A hard old enemy is he,
  And brave and bold in fight;
But labor hard—we'll soon be free,
  For God defends the right.

But though he may be brave and bold,
  We'll show what we can do;
We're not the temperance men of old—
  We go for something new.

'We touch not, taste not, handle not,'
  What can intoxicate;
We'll live and die without a blot,
  And shun the drunkard's fate.

Grog men may laugh, and joke, and sneer,
  They laugh and tremble, too;
For when the boys take hold, they fear
  There's something then to do.

And now, my boys, since we've begun,
  The cause must never fail;
Let each man bring some other one,
  And soon we'll have them all.

—Old Melodies.

Is Moderation in Drink a Virtue?

'Good afternoon, Mrs. Blair; how much better you look since I last saw you,' was Mrs. Dunlap's remark as she met Mrs. Blair.

'Yes,' was the reply. 'Since our little Willie, who belongs to the Band of Hope, persuaded his father and mother to sign the pledge, we have all been very well; never enjoyed better health.'

'Do you really approve of total abstinence, Mrs. Blair? I don't. I think it quite necessary to take a glass of the good creature our Heavenly Father has provided for us—every night, at least. I couldn't sleep without it, I'm sure.'

'Do you mean cold water, Mrs. Dunlap? because I do not know of any other good creature in the way of drink provided by Him.'

'Oh, no! I don't mean cold water. I've never taken more than a few drops at a time in my life, unmixed with wine or spirit, and they gave spasms and a choking sensation in my throat.'

'That's strange! I've never heard of drops of cold water giving people such complaints. They must be made of different stuff to our Father Adam, who hadn't anything else to drink.'

'Well, I have no sympathy for those who drink to excess. "Moderation" in strong drink I believe to be a virtue.'

Mrs. B.—'Moderation in the use of poison a virtue? Let me tell you a story from my own experience, then you will see whether moderation is a virtue. My mother and father were moderate. I never saw them the worse for liquor. There were four of us; we were allowed a small portion of beer at dinner, no more. David, my eldest brother, went to sea, a midshipman. After two years he came home a drunkard, robbed my father's desk and rifled my mother's pockets for money to supply his immoderate desire for strong drink.'

'Shocking! but of course he hadn't proper control of himself.'

'No, while he "touched" the liquor it controlled "him." William, the second son, went to Australia, and after a few years of immoderate drinking, died suddenly one Christmas morning on the floor of the bedroom he occupied. My sister was wooed and won by a moderate Christian. One Sunday night after singing at church, as he always did—he had a lovely voice—he went to supper with a moderate member of the church. He went home late at night, for the first time frenzied with drink—and gave my sister her death blow——'

'Then he must have been a great brute!'

'A great brute! no, brutes never get drunk, they satisfy their thirst with cold water, and there's an end of it. A tiger will not turn his wife and cubs out of house and home because the cold water has got into his head. No, all the brute creation are water drinkers. When thirst is appeased they will not be tempted to take more.'

'Well! I certainly never heard of that before, and I am afraid that I have been advocating the drink I very much like, and—and—well I remember that my bill last year "doubled" the one of the year before,—but what became of your sister's husband—was he hung?'

'No, my sister died by slow degrees of a broken heart, and he a maniac in an asylum.'

'All this is very perplexing; it really frightens me. Do you think that I am in danger? I wonder what my next bill will be?'

'The probability is, that if it was doubled last year it may be quadrupled this, as there is no standing still in the moderate ranks. One hundred thousand drunkards die every year, and they were all moderate once. It is very sad, but quite true. I should say, flee for your life.'

'By signing the pledge you mean. Well, there is no time like the present, I suppose, so let me have the pledge; and now will you go with me and see that the brandy and whisky are destroyed.'—'Temperance Leader.'

A Telling Lecture.

Two colored barbers, one an old man and the other a younger one. The young one took off his apron and started for the door.

'Yo's gwan to get a drink, Jim?' asked the elder.

'Dat's what I'se gwan to do.'

'Go and get yo' drink. I used to do de same thing when I was young. When I was fus married dah wuz a gin mill next to the shop wha I wucked, an' I spent in it fifty and sebenty cents a day outen de dollah an' half I eahned. Well, one mawnin' I went into de butchah shop, an' who shood come in but de man what kep' de likker shop.

'"Gib me ten or twelbe pound po-terhouse steak," he said.

'He got it an' went out. I sneaked up to de butchah and looked to see what money I had left.

'"What to you want?" said the butchah.

'"Gib me 10 cents wuf of libber," wuz my remark.

'It wuz all I could pay fur. Now you go an' git yo' drink. You'll eat libber, but de man what sells you de stuff will hab his po'terhouse steak. De man behin' de ba' eats po'terhouse—de man in front eats libber. I ain't touched de stuff for' thirty years and I am eatin' po'terhouse myself.'—Selected.

John Ploughman says the ale-jug starves the wife and strips the children; it is a great house-breaker and health-breaker, and the best possible thing is to break it to pieces.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

A Tribute From a Contemporary.

The Montreal 'Witness' has been ever since confederation and before that a national and thoroughly consistent advocate of temperance with regard to alcoholic liquors.'—Brockville 'Times.'

A Metropolitan Newspaper taking such a stand as this, needs and surely deserves the support of all temperance people. Do you give it YOUR support? Remember, the 'Weekly Witness' with the 'Messenger' for only $1.20, or if you get the 'Messenger' through your Sunday School and do not now take the 'Witness,' you can get it for 80 cents for a year's trial, by cutting out this notice and enclosing with your order. For our special family club see

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

The orders for the pledge cards and badges still come in from the many members who feel they need some visible help near them if they are to keep the pledge at all times. But there may be a great many others who would like to join the League, but for some reason or other do not wish to get the badges. Well, in spite of pledge cards, badges, etc., and all that we have said about them, remember that all you need to do to join the League is to write out the pledge, sign your name to it and send it in to us. You do not 'have' to get a pledge card or wear a badge to become a member. Anyone may be a member who will sign the pledge and try to keep it. We will keep your name listed so that by-and-by, if you wish for pledge card and badge you can easily secure them by saying that you are already a member.

The new members for this week are Addie B. Mabey, G., P.E.I., Dorothy Crowdis, B., N.S., Ada W. Roach, D., Sask., and Eliza and Anna Minion, H. C., Ont.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I came from England three months ago. I now live on a farm three miles west of Brampton. In our home we have a little baby named Mabel Jane, she is seven months old and she is very cute. And we all love her so well. We have a good dog called Watch. He helps me to get the cows in, and helps me to get the chickens in. I go to the Presbyterian Sabbath School at Mount Pleasant and get the 'Northern Messenger.' I like reading the letters published in it.

DOROTHY VERA H.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been getting the 'Messenger' for two years. The first year I got it for a Christmas present from my Sunday School teacher. I go to the Presbyterian Sunday School which over one hundred scholars attend. I was living in Buffalo when my mother died, and my grandma took me to live with her in R. This is a creamary town and has quite a large population. It celebrated its 50th anniversary on 27th of July. The town was beautifully decorated with evergreen arches. The water has been very low in B. River here. But has risen quite a bit now.

ETHEL OUTHBERTSON.

P. Que.

Dear Editor,—I would like to join your Royal League of Kindness. I am a little girl ten years old. I am in the Second Model at school. This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' Sometime I am going to write you a letter telling you about my home.

LENA BRIARD.

C., N.S.

Dear Editor,—In this town the Government built a Lobster Hatchery. It is to hatch out the lobster 'spawn,' as it is called, by a certain process of changing waters all the time, and when they are hatched they are dumped into the sea to grow into big lobsters. There is also a Dog Fish Exterminator here, which is to rid the coast of Dog Fish which are very bothersome to the fishermen. The Dog Fish are caught and are ground up to make a kind of top dressing for flower beds. The smell, when this process is going on, is not very pleasant. I belong to the Methodist Church. I joined it on probation several months ago, and so did quite a lot of girls, but not so many were taken at the end of the three months' trial. We have a class meeting on Friday afternoons and a very nice leader. The class meeting is a help to me, and I hope the rest of the girls who were taken into the church on trial, but did not join it, will give their hearts more fully to Jesus. Our church had no Christmas Cantata this year. We had a great one the Christmas before last. It was called 'Santa Claus' Substitute,' and was gotten up by the Sunday School.

DOROTHY DUNHAM (aged 13).

E., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We have a piano. I take music lessons and like it very well. I will be very glad to see my letter in print. I am in the Senior Third Book and I like going to school.

B. A.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live about half a mile from Lake Huron, and it is a very pretty place in summer. Quite a few people come and camp on the banks of the lake. We had a nice Thanksgiving dinner. We hope Aunt Hattie and Uncle Harry will come through for Christmas, and then we will have a fine time. I to to school in winter and take my dinner. We have fun catching on to sleighs.

MARGARET MACKENZIE.

B., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old and am in the Second Primer. I have two miles to go to school and cannot go in winter. We have no teacher in our school this term. We live on a farm about ten miles from town, but our settlement is quite large. There are three churches and three school houses in it.

SADIE PAYNE.

P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am staying out with my aunt and have been staying here for over a week. My aunt lives on a farm. There are not many little girls around here, but I have been busy making presents all the time. We are having quite cold weather. Having never been away from home alone before, my brother said if I stayed over Sunday I would do well, but he was wrong.

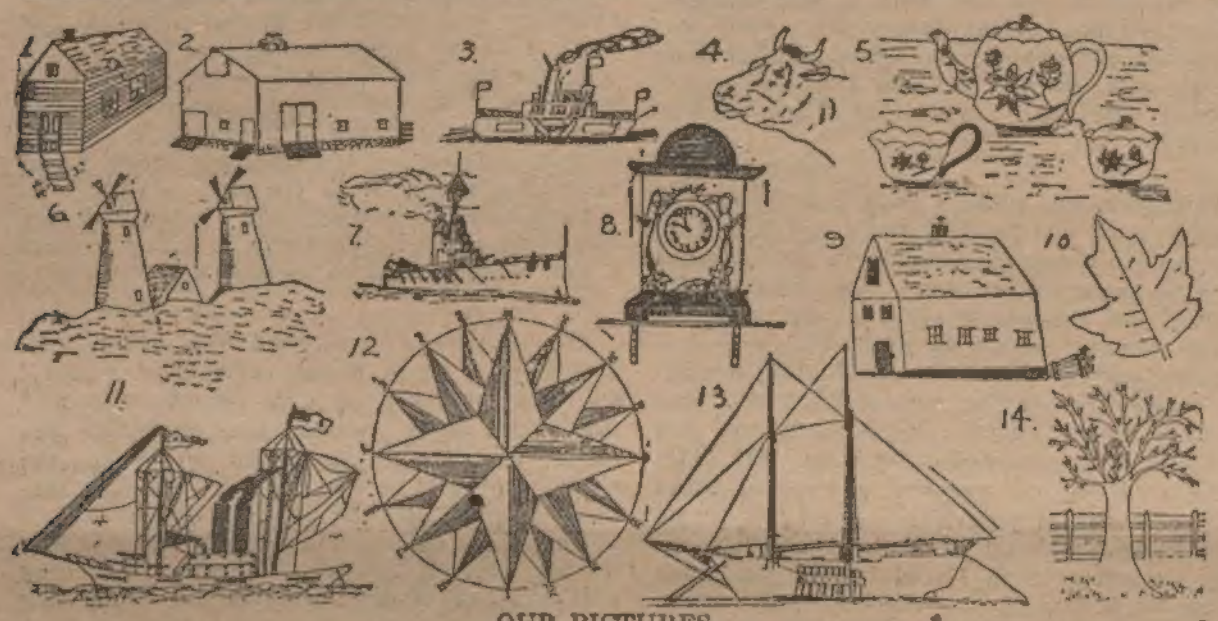
MURIEL MacQUEEN.

Avonmore, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been sick five weeks. I'm getting better but have to stay in bed a long time. Does Santa Claus stay in Montreal? I would like to see him. I have no cat as she got killed, but I have a dog whose name is Tige. I am very weak now, I am tired.

KENNETH.

[Hope you'll be better soon, Kenneth. No, Santa Claus does not live in Montreal, he only visits here at Christmas. Ed.]



OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A House.' Grace Parker (aged 9), S., Man.
2. 'Barn.' Kelso Annette, C., Ont.
3. 'Str. Senik.' J. Kenneth Bayne, P., Ont.
4. 'Cow's Head.' W. Eric McBain (aged 12), A., Ont.
5. 'Tea-pot, cream pitcher, and sugar bowl.' Eric McBain.
6. 'The Windmills.' Ormie Dixon, W. T., Ont.
7. 'H.M.S. 'Indomitable.' Harley Bruce (aged 10), K., B.C.
8. 'A Clock.' Walter Blair Stewart (aged 12), S. P., C.B.
9. 'Barn.' Rexford Annette (aged 7), C., Ont.
10. 'Maple Leaf.' Myrtle Draper (aged 14), Q., P.Que.
11. 'Boat.' Frank Ebbett (aged 9), M., Alta.
12. 'Papa's Compass.' Leta Conley, C., N.S.
13. 'Sch. Mona at Hollands Harbor.' H. H. Reid, P. H., N.S.
14. 'A Tree in Autumn.' Edith Lockewood, C., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Carrie M. Flemming, S., N.S., regrets that the holidays are over 'although I like to go to school very much.'

C. T., has a pair of rabbits. 'They are very pretty. They have been out for the last three months.'

Lara MacAskell, W. L. J., N.S., says 'the ice is coming now and I will be skating on the lake.'

Mildred M. Fulton, P., N.S., sends some riddles that have been asked before. She tells of enjoying the coasting very much.

Myrtle Draper, Q., P.Que., runs into fives. She has five brothers, five pets, five horses; lives five miles from the village and can get to the school in five minutes. Myrtle answers Bessie Stewart's second riddle (Dec. 18),—'Wilt thou, and it wilted.'

Leta Conley, C., N.S., says 'Papa works on the farm in summer. He goes away trapping fur in the fall and gets some nice fur.'

Mary Fedrica McLean, Toronto, writes 'The children of our Sunday School are going to march through the streets on some day before voting day, carrying banners and singing. I hope it will be a success and help to put down the liquor traffic.'

SEIZE THE OPPORTUNITY

The boys who sold the fine Christmas Number of the 'Pictorial' made a very 'good thing' of it for themselves—and for their friends. Those who did not missed a good opportunity. But once gone, it never comes again. The next thing is to look forward to the next opportunity and seize it ere it passes. The January Number of the 'Pictorial' is also a very attractive one—with a crisp, snappy winter atmosphere about it, and as such, a capital New Year's greeting to send abroad.

A good old rollicking English song (words and music), and a $1,500.00 prize story should make it a splendid seller at the old price of TEN CENTS a copy. A package of only six copies sold would secure a nice premium—a watch for twenty, etc., etc. Boys (or girls, if they choose), who have never tried to earn any of our splendid premiums can have a package of the January Number to start their sales on, as well as our full premium list of cameras, knives, watches, etc., etc., by sending a postcard to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

BOYS AND GIRLS

My Daughter Louise.

(By Homer Greene.)

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
My seat on the sand and her seat on my knees,
We watch the bright billows, do I and my daughter—
My sweet little daughter Louise.
We wonder what city the pathway of glory,
That broadens away to the limitless West,
Leads up to—she minds her of some pretty story
And says: 'To the city that mortals love best.'
Then I say: 'It must lead to the far-away city,
The beautiful City of Rest.'

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
Stand two in the shadow of whispering trees,
And one loves my daughter, my beautiful daughter,
My womanly daughter Louise.
She steps to the boat with a touch of his fingers,
And out on the diamonded pathway they move;
The shallop is lost in the distance; it lingers,
It waits, but I know that its coming will prove
That it went to the walls of the wonderful city,
The magical City of Love.

In the light of the moon, by the side of the water,
I wait for her coming from over the seas;
I wait but to welcome the dust of my daughter,
To weep for my daughter Louise,
The path, as of old, reaching out in its splendor,
Gleams bright, like a way an angel has trod.
I kiss the cold burden its billows surrender,
Sweet clay to lie under the pitiful sod;
But she rests, at the end of the path, in the city
Whose 'builder and maker is God.'

Betty Smith's Simple Life.

(Emily Hewitt Leland, in the 'Wellspring.')

October 12.

Well, my dear log book, here I am, settled and at work. Instead of board at seven dollars a week, and the rules and regulations and interruptions of student quarters, I am subsisting and existing on about twenty-two cents a day, in a dear, clean little room, fourth floor (counting basement) back, with two windows and some corner shelves.

This is a working-woman's lodging house, cheap and respectable, thanks to somebody's noble philanthropy, and I pay a rent of one dollar and twenty-five cents per week, which includes steam heat, illumination, the two extravagant windows, and the beautiful corner shelves.

By the latter 'hangs a tale'; for behind the soft-toned denim curtains, with the exception of the milk bottle and pat of butter in a bucket outside my north window, reposes my housekeeping outfit: A one-burner oil stove, a tiny frying pan, a toy coffeepot, a cracker jar large enough to hold a small loaf of bread, a knife, fork, and spoon, and the dear little old nickel and time-worn 'oatmeal set' which was relegated to my attic playroom a few summers ago.

These little dishes are not the only things I smuggled from home; for into the corners of my trunk and suit case went various articles which would have roused wild suspicions in mother had she known of them—kitchen aprons, dish towels, scrub cloths, packages of salt and pepper, boiled eggs, a piece of dried beef, a bread knife (rescued from the wood shed and beautifully cleaned and sharpened, a thick slice of cheese, a glass of spiced apple butter, russet pears and red-cheeked apples, and all the brown bread I dared remove—alas, it has already disappeared!

Dear father and mother! They think I am sumptuously quartered at the 'Annex,' spending their hard-earned dollars in the riotous course dinners of that genteel establishment!

I really did not want this extra year of study. I declared to mother that I knew enough to be happy, and reasonably good, and to teach any school in our county, if invited to do so; but I was told that my brothers had had their chance and I, the only daughter, must have mine, no matter how much the money is needed for other very necessary things. In fact, I was lectured into this thing, and, as I said before, here I am! But I'll get even with my dear people to some extent, and once I'm through and established as a carefully-trained and fully-equipped school-ma'am, then we'll have the east verandah and the little greenhouse. For every winter since I can remember has mother wept over her frozen house plants.

October 20.

Instead of soaring up all these stairs at noon I am going to buy luncheons at a restaurant about eight minutes' walk from school. For ten cents I can satisfy the inner Betty with a bowl of good soup and plentiful bread, or a big glass of milk with crackers and cheese, or a manly plate of baked beans with steamed corn bread, or a ladylike cup of tea with sandwiches. Everything is clean and the food nicely served, and I wonder if the place is another 'philanthropy.' The people who eat there look like workers and savers.

The ten-cent outlay leaves me twelve for breakfast and supper; but often another dime covers both, since bread and fruit are so expensive, and then I feel that I am coining money!

November 5.

This morning, while I was musing over a French verb, my toast burned, and fate sent the matron along the corridor a few minutes later to pounce upon me. She didn't really pounce, but rapped on my door and asked if I was burning paper—or anything.

I was scared. I saw in a twinkling my little scheme for saving scattered to the four winds. But I opened the door, invited her to enter, and confessed everything. My little table, with its one egg and a piece of toast with a mouthful just bitten out of it, must have looked pathetic to her; for she listened very patiently while I told her of my home in the country, and how much an east veranda was needed, and how I wanted to save money, and that I would surely burn no more toast; and finally she laughed and let me show her my little housekeeping arrangements, and asked if she might not come up some Sunday evening for a cup of tea. But I am to be very careful about smells, she says, or she will have an epidemic of oil stoves and toast, the lodgers being bad enough already with their paper-bag luncheons. And how, for instance, did I make coffee without letting it get into the hall? I explained that I bought the pulverized sort, poured boiling water upon it, and kept it closely covered for four minutes and then the aroma was absorbed by me, instead of escaping into the unappreciative hall. And then she laughed again and patted my shoulder and said she thought I might continue.

I am glad to have had this pleasant understanding. And I've just thought how providential it is that so many good foods have no obstrusive smell.

Usually the girls here—and some of them are almost old ladies—are 'too dead tired' for visiting; but occasionally some one on this floor drops in. A rather elderly girl, across the hall, I am beginning to like—a bookkeeper in a small down-town store—quiet, sad little thing, with no near relatives anywhere in this big world! She has a canary in her window, and a box of starved-looking mignonette, and calls the window her 'country home.'

She always speaks so longingly of the country! Years ago she lived on a farm with a dear aunt, who died; and she has a faded photograph of the house with herself sitting on the kitchen porch in a short dress and bare feet, looking lonesome and forlorn even then! I wish I were rich. I would adopt her as an elder sister.

November 23.

What should I find on my school table this morning but a Thanksgiving box from mother! I came straight to my room at noon to tear it open, gloating all the way over the address in the familiar handwriting.

First there was a layer of beautifully-pressed autumn leaves from our maples and beeches; and underneath was—oh, everything! —a loaf of my favorite brown bread, a glass of pressed turkey, a dear little mince pie, a tiny sage cheese, a box of butternut meats, a festive bottle of grape juice, and lastly a large square of snowy hemstitched linen, with a note attached saying that she, mother, had heard of school 'spreads' and hoped I would enjoy this one.

I never knew mother to make the least bit of a pun before, and wasn't this a nice one? It kept me from going down before a wave of homesickness and making my afternoon nose red.

To-morrow will be Thanksgiving and I shall glorify my room with the autumn leaves and invite lonely little Miss Mayhew to share my feast. It is a clear, starry night and we shall very likely have sunshine from my south window on the menu.

December 8.

Instead of the new jacket which I have strong reasons for believing mother meditates sending me for a Christmas gift, I have suggested a box of food supplies, such as apples, nuts, cheese, and a kind of fruit cookie she makes which will 'keep' for weeks. (But for rousing suspicions I would have mentioned dried beef and boiled ham.) Such a gift will assist me greatly in the line of supplies, and being all home products will cost little.

As for the new jacket, I really do not need it. I've freshened my old one with a new velvet collar; and my rain coat is extremely stylish and can be appropriately worn whenever there's a cloud in the sky.

I explained to mother that I often feel sort of hollow at night—and this is a fact—about 6 p.m. when I begin to prepare my supper!

December 25.

The supplies arrived, and also fifteen dollars 'for a good, warm, serviceable jacket.' Oh, why could not my dear parents obey me? Additional lining across the shoulders has made my old one as warm as toast; the sleeves are only a wee bit off style, the material is good, and I'm going to cleave to it.

The fifteen dollars will make a fine addition to my private fortune. Mother not only sent a stack of fruit cookies but a big bag of sugared crullers—also good keepers, if I can only temper my regard for them. She tenderly advises me not to eat between meals very often, but to use the things as a part of my meals, if I conveniently can! Poor mother! she thinks I am continually feeding, no doubt.

I knitted for mother one of these new-style

Our Pansy Blossom Club.

The 'Pansies' are still in full bloom, and we invite all our young readers to gather them. Ten cents each from five friends who have not been taking the 'Messenger' sent in to us with the five names and addresses will secure: 1. The 'Messenger' for three months to each of the friends. 2. A beautiful colored picture 'Pansy Blossoms,' 9 by 16 inches, to each of the club and to the club raiser. 3. A Maple Leaf Brooch to the club raiser as a reward for trouble taken.

The 'Messengers' may be sent anywhere in Canada, outside Montreal or suburbs, or to Newfoundland or the British Isles, but the pictures will all be sent to the club raiser to distribute.

Send the money carefully (by money order registered letter, or stamps) addressed to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, and mark both in the corner of your envelope and at the top of your letter inside, the words 'Pansy Blossom Club.'

ANOTHER BASKET OF POSIES.

The following have sent 'Pansy Blossom' clubs this week:—Bessie E. Hurst, Maggie Scriver, Winnie Leslie, Sadie B. Romans, Evelyn Cornwall, Janie Lebbey, Mrs. Fred Wheeler, Sadie Coburn, Vesta Downing, S. Johnston, Annie McDuff, B. W. Latimer, Margaret R. Gourley, K. F. Edwards, Jessie M. Brack, Blanch Bennett, Katie Sinclair, Violet Britton, Mildred Snyder, Mrs. S. F. Wateman, Ruth E. Mitchell, Erland Donaldson, Frank A. Carswell, Marguerita H. F. Ellis, Jennie E. Maynard, Edith A. Campbell, Alberta Curran.

shoulder shawls, and for father a pair of long-wristed driving mittens—work which made pleasant many an evening hour. How blessed it is to have some one to love!

Poor little Miss Mayhew! she received a card case from some fifteenth cousin or other living in San Francisco, with the price tag left on! Why couldn't she have written a good warm-hearted letter, asking about her life, and expressing a bit of human interest? A card case, however elegant, for one who makes calls at a restaurant and across a six-foot hall! And she seemed so pleased to be remembered even in this way. To-night she timidly asked me if I wouldn't call her Alice. 'It is so long since anyone has called me by my first name,' she said.

She is quite pretty, for one so old. She must be thirty, or thirty-two, maybe, but she has a lot of nice brown hair, long eyelashes, and good teeth. I'm not going to say anything about it, for a glad plan broken up maketh the heart sick, but I'm going to think, from now on, about taking her home with me in June for a little visit.

March 1.

March first! how springlike and hopeful it sounds! The winter is over, the worst of it, and I can feel, in these longer days and warmer sunshine, that the arbutus is beginning to yawn and stretch in its sweet little dreams under the snow, and the sap is beginning to dance in the veins of our maples. I'll be sure to get a big lump of sugar from the very first 'run,' or mother is not the mother I believe her to be.

The money I've saved begins to give me a miserlike feeling. I count it almost every Saturday night, after my neighbors have gone to bed, with my back to the bolted door, curtains closely drawn (lest the chimney tops peep in!) and with furtive glances over my shoulder—the personification of grasping greed. A hundred and sixteen dollars, already, and one more quarterly check to hear from. I must save a good slice from it—my last chance.

May 20.

Already I begin to breathe the airs from orchards and fields and the good smells from mother's kitchen. School is beginning to flutter its wings and get restless. The thoughts of youth are not only long, but they are off and away. Why do these mad educational institutions 'keep' through May and the half of June? If I could control them, schools should close the first of April and open in July—early enough to save young and old from the perils of the glorious Fourth! To bury the sweetest, gladdest time of the year in books! But let me not murmur—it will never happen again to me.

I have ventured, now that the time draws near, to broach the outing for my neighbor Alice. Mother is, of course, delighted, but Alice says: 'O—h! I must never think of such a thing. The expense—and my place—I might easily lose it, and you don't know how hard it is to find work that I can do. And there's the question of new clothes, too.'

May 22.

I have seen her firm and talked with them just as well as I know how, and Alice may have her place again whenever she returns. They have found her work always satisfactory, and have even meditated of late a little raise in her salary. Nice old men, both of them! I hugged them—in spirit—and came home and hung a delayed May basket on her door, which I pray will not give offence.

Later.

The Lord must love a cheerful accepter, I'm sure. If Alice had drawn herself to her full height (which isn't much) and said coldly, 'My dear Miss Smith, I cannot and will not accept these things; and although I appreciate your great kindness,' etcetera, etcetera, I would have felt crushed and embittered for life. But she just fell upon my neck, and then she danced, actually danced, up to her mirror and held the ribbons under her chin, and admired the two plain white waists (alas, I couldn't afford the embroidered ones) and tried on the white silk gloves, laughing and breathing fast like a pleased child. And the news from her firm made her look like a child young and happy.

Isn't life lovely?

June 28.

We have been home for several days, Alice and I, and there's such a rush of things to do and enjoy that I'm going to give you a rest, log book, after these few lines.

It is immensely satisfying to see Alice unfold. I knew she would be delighted, but I didn't dream that she was capable of downright joility. She nearly laughed herself sick playing with the littlest Jersey calf this morning; and she and father swap anecdotes at the table and keep us giggling so we can hardly eat—mother and all. She is determined to wash the noon dishes, too, the hardest ones of the day, and insists on mother's going to her room for rest and a nap. Oh, she has a will of her own, but it's a dear, lovable one.

And now, before I lay you away for a little rest, I must tell you of the little surprise I gave mother and father. A day or two after I came home, while Alice was basking in the orchard, and we were having a little domestic talk by ourselves, I casually remarked how fine the clematis was looking, and that it seemed almost a pity to transplant it to make room for the verandah. Then I saw mother look at father with a sad smile, and father said: 'Well, Betty, I guess we'll have to let the clematis flourish where it is for another year. We didn't tell you, but we lost the colt last January' (we always called him the colt though he was over twelve years old), 'and I had to buy another mate for Billy—didn't notice him, did you?—he's so near like the colt—and it's set us back a little on the verandah plan.'

'Too bad,' said I, 'and what was the price of the new horse?'

'Only a hundred, and he's as good, sensible beast, too. Mother can drive him anywhere.'

Then I slipped upstairs and brought down my little one hundred and thirty-seven dollars in a paper bag, all in greenbacks, and poured them into mother's lap. What a pile they made—for there were a great many ones and twos. The scene that followed 'beggars description,' as the writers say. Mother, as soon as I could explain, burst into tears and called me a poor, poor child, and said I had starved myself all these long months. And I said—yes, she had only to feel my skeleton arms and look at my hollow cheeks (and you know how I've been haunted by the fear that I am almost what vulgar people call fat!) and father, after he had gone to the window and admired the landscape a minute, came and gave us both a shaking and scolded mother for crying. 'You'd have done the same thing, mother, you know you would! Betty's only a chip of the old block—bless her soul!' And then he went out to his work, whistling no tune at all, as he always does when a little bit excited, and I had such a good time telling mother all about my housekeeping. It has certainly been hard to keep it to myself so long.

The Ceiling and the Sky.

I was in a shop the other day, and while waiting to be served my attention was attracted by a little girl, the daughter of the shopkeeper. In her hand was a dusting-brush—a long cane with a bunch of feathers at the end—used for reaching cobwebs high up in the corners of the wall. The little mite, who was four or five years old, was standing on tiptoe, trying in vain to touch the ceiling with the brush; and after several futile attempts, she called to her mother and said: 'Oh, dear, I cannot reach "the sky"!' Her mother explained to her that what she saw overhead was called ceiling, not sky; but the busy young enthusiast was very disappointed that she could not reach even that!

Sometimes when we are at school we think that 'the sky' (or the highest purpose) of learning is to scrape through our lessons without a bad mark; and that, if we can get enough into our minds to answer the teacher's questions, it does not matter if we forget it all afterwards. But that is only 'the ceiling' (and we don't always succeed in reaching even that). The real purpose in our learning is a much higher one—namely, that we may train our minds in the 'art of thinking,' so that in future days we may be able to apply what we have learned in many other useful ways. That is just the difference between 'cramming' and 'learning.'

Or we may see a person do a certain thing, and may make a great mistake in judging the actions of others merely by what we see, without understanding their real motives or reasons. Your parents may forbid you something you very much want to do, and you think they are unkind or unreasonable. And yet they may see a good deal further than you do, and they know that to let you have your own way would, in the long run, be very bad for you. I know a boy who, when he was a little chap, was very self-willed, and would simply 'bawl' if he could not have his own way! Sometimes it was in the street; for some reason only known to his little self, he would want to go one way when his mother knew that the way home lay in another direction. Then there was a scene, and even passers-by would think his mother must have done something dreadful 'to make the poor little fellow cry so!' Even 'they' only saw 'the ceiling.' But she was wiser than they. She saw 'the sky,' and knew that if she did not conquer that small turbulent spirit, he would grow up 'a spoiled child,' and be a misery to himself and an annoyance to everybody else. Now that he is older, and nearly a young man, he sees that she was right, and often says how thankful he is that she acted as she did.

Then there are many young people growing out of childhood—boys who have taken to stand-up collars, and girls with their hair tied back and three-quarter frocks—who think they know more than anyone can teach them! They think they see 'the sky' of life, when they only really see 'the ceiling.' If any such should read these lines, I hope they will seriously consider the difference between what they know and the experience of older people. Perhaps this way of putting it may lead them to think more wisely than they have hitherto been in the habit of doing. The Bible is full of counsel about this:—'Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil' (Prov. iii., 7); 'Seest thou a man wise in his own conceit? there is more hope of a fool than of him' (Prov. xxvi., 12). Therefore, never be too proud to take advice.

Above all, this lesson is true of sin. When Satan tempts us, he takes care to let us see only the immediate present, which is often very attractive; and he hides from us the more distant consequences of sin. But be-

January 'Pictorial.'

The New Year number of the 'Canadian Pictorial' is a mid-winter souvenir. It depicts many of the phases of that out-door life of the opening months of the year that are so typically, as well as exclusively Canadian. Out-door sports and out-door labor are illustrated and give a crisp snappy atmosphere to the whole issue. The man of the month is the newly-installed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, the Hon. J. W. Gibson. The new fiction department has a remarkable feature in a story which secured the first prize of $1,500 in a New York competition this month. It will well repay reading, and it is published by special arrangement. The doings of the world are represented by striking scenes in distant parts of the British Empire, as well as under the flags of other nations. In the department devoted to feminine interests will be found an article on New Year gifts of 'ye olden tyme' that will surprise almost everybody. The musical offering of the month is one of those English rollicking songs that everybody can learn.

If you get the 'Messenger' through your Sunday-school, but would like to take the 'Pictorial,' why not try the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' and the 'Canadian Pictorial' one year each for ONLY $1.35, our regular club offer for these two splendid publications?

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sides its attractiveness, we are apt to think we need not mind sinning much if we are 'not found out;' and we forget that sin is like 'a disease, eating into our character,' until one day (whether we are found out by others or not), our eyes are opened to see that our power to resist has become weakened; our will is paralyzed; and we are the slaves to our evil habits. What a terrible picture it is, described in Prov. v., 11-13—'And thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed; and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof; and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers, nor inclined mine ear to them that instructed me!'

Reach beyond the ceiling. By all means aim as high as possible, and strain every nerve to reach the highest point within your view. Try 'to touch the ceiling,' so to speak, in your lessons, and in true and noble character. Get at the cobwebs that you can see in your everyday life. But do not be content with that. There is 'a sky' to life that you cannot reach in your own strength. It is a beautiful thing to satisfy your teachers, to please your parents, and to conquer evil habits. But that is only 'the ceiling.' Higher still is 'the sky'—I mean, to do the will of God; to live to please Him. Let us use as a prayer the words of Elihu: 'That which I see not, teach thou me' (Job. xxxiv., 32).

The very word, 'sky,' leads us to think of

The Friend for little children,
Above the bright blue sky;

and that word 'Friend' reminds you that He is anxious to help you. Take Him as your Saviour, who died to save you from your sins; and you will find Him to be your faithful, never failing Friend, always ready, by His Holy Spirit, to keep you in all that is good and noble and true. Then you will be able to see beyond 'the ceiling' of your present circumstances, and you will penetrate, as it were, into 'the sky' of communion with God Himself.—The 'Christian.'

Just in Time.

Years ago my father owned a high-spirited and vicious horse, Billy. One of his bad habits was to start at the top of a hill and run to the bottom, and no power on earth could stop him.

At the time of which I write there was a two-year-old child living in the house which my father occupied. One day the child's older brother, Fred, and my mother had been out with Billy. When they reached the top of the hill at the foot of which they lived, Billy started to run.

As they neared the house little Kathie ran out to meet them. Fred saw her coming and tried with all his strength to stop the horse, but in vain. Much more quickly than I can tell it they reached the foot of the hill, the child in the path, when Billy dropped his head and stopped within a foot of the child, and stood there looking as innocent and gentle as if he had never had an evil thought in his wicked horse brain.—'C. E. World.'

An Indian Boy's Ambition.

A young Indian, a lad of sixteen or seventeen years, died the other day at the Hampton Institute. His 'papers' showed him to have some sensible conception of things. On a sheet of paper he had written his reasons for coming to the institute. He hoped for an education; he wanted to help his people; but the last reason was the most striking: 'That I may learn the art of self-control.' Perhaps he did not know it, but therein lay the foundation of a real life. The crowning fruit of the Spirit is self-control. It is the one great fruit that will make a life full-rounded and complete. There are many useful people; their usefulness is often marred by this one lack—self-control. He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city. There are masters of others who are slaves to themselves; there are rulers of kingdoms who are slaves to a tyrant temper. Had that lad grown to years, and learned the fine art of self-control, he would have become one of the greatest men among his people. Here is the beginning of kingship—and everyone may be crowned if he will.—'Intelligencer.'

Save the Banner.

(Dr. Horatius Bonar, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

One fresh August evening we were standing on the heights of the Righi, looking round on the snows of a hundred mountains, and down on the beauty of countless valleys and lakes and streams. The field where the brave Zurichers fought and where Zwingli fell was in the distance. We tried to trace the scene: the advance, the battle, the rout, the flight, the struggle for the flag of Zurich.

The aged Schweitzer raises the banner, and the men of the canton gather round it; a few against a host, for their numbers are sorely thinned, and the battle goes against them.

'Lower the banner,' cries a voice; 'we are routed.'

'Stand firm!' shouts the old flagbearer to his flying comrades. But they cannot. They are broken, and the tide rolls fiercely against them. The old man will not fly. With his one hand he grasps the flag, and with the other he repels the enemy.

Kammli rushes forward again, shouting, 'Lower the banner, or it will be seized.' The old man, now mortally wounded, allows himself to be dragged off the field, along with the flag which he still grasps. But a deep

'SAVING THE BANNER.'

ditch is in his way, and he rolls to the bottom, the banner still in his hands. With shouts, the enemy presses on to the spoil, certain that the glory of Zurich is now in their power. Quick as lightning Kammli leaps into the ditch. But the fingers of the dying Schweitzer refuse to part with the treasure.

What is to be done? He breaks the banner-staff in two, and rushes up the bank. The old bannerman clasping the fragments closes his eyes in death; true and grave to the last.

Kammli is now the object of pursuit. A ball strikes him, and retards his flight. He grasps the banner with his left hand, he wields his sword with the right, keeping the enemy at bay. One seizes the flag, another the shattered staff. Kammli cuts them down on all sides, and calls for help. 'To the rescue, and save the banner!'

Adam Naeff rushes forward, and the men who had seized the colors fall beneath his sword. Another Zuricher flings himself on the enemy; the colors are rescued, and the standard-bearer set free. Onward he hastens, sometimes holding up, sometimes dragging the banner, sword in hand, and warding off the foe. Two of the enemy pursue him hotly.

'Stand, heretic!' they cry; 'surrender; give up the banner.'

He is encumbered with the banner, but they are still more encumbered with their armour, so that they do not gain upon him. Feeling this, they stop to unbuckle their cuirasses, and throw them down. Kammli has a respite, and makes way. Three brave comrades join him, and the four reach Husen safely, half-way up the Albis.

But the steeps of the mountain are still to be climbed. Huber, one of the three, falls, pierced with wounds. Dumysen, another, next sinks down; two of his sons, who joined him, dropping beside him. Upwards Kammli presses, though with sinking limbs. A hedge bars his way; his failing strength cannot force a way through it or over it. He lies down exhausted. His pursuers, now joined by others, advance upon him. He sees them hastening on, but his strength is gone. The banner must not, however, fall into the hands of the enemy. Raising himself up a little, he makes use of his remaining strength to hurl the flag over the hedge, shouting at the same time to his comrades. 'Save the banner,' he cries, 'and your city's honor. For me, I can do no more. . . . God be my helper.' It was his last effort. He sank down to die.

Dantzler, one of the brave three who had joined him, clears the hedge, and grasps the banner. Upward and upward he rushes; the pursuers are distanced, the height of the Albis is reached, the colors are placed beyond the reach of the enemy.

The banner is saved. The ancient flag of Zurich is in the hands of friends. The colors, though stained and torn, are borne back without disgrace! The enemy is distanced, if not defeated. Zurich, though humbled, is not dishonored.

When the enemy cometh in like a flood, then it is the Spirit of the Lord lifts up a standard against him. That standard is often committed to feeble hands. In the wide battle-field of the world its enemies are many, its defenders comparatively few. In many places and often the battle rages fiercely. All the more are they to whom the banner is entrusted called upon to be valiant in its behalf. Christian soldiers, 'Greater is He that is in you, than he that is in the world.' Jehovah is mightier than the mighty, whether of earth or of hell. Let us trust Him to defend His banner, and to maintain the truth which that banner proclaims.

The promises are to the 'overcomers;' let us war the good warfare. Round this banner Christians are called to rally, for their great Captain is here, and He must conquer. Soldiers of the living God! fight the good fight of faith. Do not waver. Do not give ground. Hold fast that which thou hast, that no man take thy crown. Be rooted and grounded both in love and truth. Press forward to the mark. Our great Captain is at hand.

The Choice.

(By Edward Rowland Sill.)

Only so much of power each day,
So much nerve force brought in play;
If it goes for politics or trade,
Ends gained or money made,
You have it not for the soul and God.
The Choice is yours to sow or plod.
So much water in the rill;
It may go to turn the miller's wheel,
Or sink in the desert, or flow on free
To brighten its banks in meadows green
'Till broadening out, fair fields between,
It streams to the moon-enchanted sea.
Only so little power each day;
Week by week days slide away;
Ere the life goes what shall it be
A trade—a game—a mockery
Or the gate of a rich eternity?

'He Died Climbing.'

At a certain place in the Alps there is a monument to a guide who had perished when attempting to make the ascent of the mountain. The simple inscription on the stone is: 'He died climbing.' It is a noble tribute to an heroic man. He was in the line of his duty. His face was forward and upward.

'He died climbing.' Suppose a young man dies as he comes to the age when he is expected to take his place among the active workers. We look at his record. He had all the vigor of youth, the high purpose, the heroic effort. Cut off in early years? Yes, but years with a record that inspires others to follow in his steps. The man in his strength falls and disappears from sight. What is his record? He saw the heights of usefulness, and resolutely set out for them. He thought not of himself, but of others. These 'died climbing.'

The old man dies. He has followed in the footsteps of the Lord Jesus. His life has been one of help to others over the difficult places. His thoughts were of God, and his desire was to be like Him. His heart was warm, and responded to every appeal and to every need. As the years passed he became better and more useful. He knew no old age, for the springs of his life were in the heights above. Climbing still. We say he died. No, he only reached a point beyond our vision.

A SERMON IN A PICTURE. —'C. E. World.'

Happy the man of whom it may be written: 'His effort was to be better and nearer to God! Happy the man who 'dies climbing!' —The 'Christian.'

Good Manners.

Studied, folded, and laid away
Manners too fine for every day!
The graceful bow and the gentle touch
That cost so little and mean so much;
The smile that charms like the rare perfume
Of a rose jar hid in a shadowy room;
The song from the twilight nook apart
That finds its way to a burdened heart;
The yielding of self and of selfish ends,
Reserved for the plaudits of transient friends:
This—this—the cruel sneer provokes—
'Anything goes with one's own folks.'
—Selected.

The Birds and Squirrels.

(Hilda Richmond, in the 'American Primary Teacher.')

'This bitter cold weather is very hard on the birds and little animals in the grove,' said Papa Vance, one cold night. 'We have had snow on the ground for a long time, and they will starve unless a thaw comes.'

'Why, papa, I thought the squirrels always laid away plenty of nuts, said Dorothy. 'Mamma said they carried them away to hollow trees.'

'But you remember, my dear, the snow came before they had a chance to get plenty of food,' said papa. 'When we have an open winter, which means the ground is bare, the squirrels can dig under the fallen leaves even in winter and find food. The birds eat weed, seeds, and all sorts of things they find, but when snow is deep they often go hungry.'

'Let's feed them to-morrow, Dorothy,' said Fred. 'I'll scatter a lot of crumbs so they can have a feast.'

'Won't the crumbs be lost in the snow?' asked wise little Dorothy.

'I am afraid they will, but the birds are too timid to come to the house where the ground is bare.'

'We'll sweep a nice bare place under the trees,' said Dorothy. 'I don't want the birdies to starve.'

So early the next morning the children took two old brooms and hurried to the grove. It was hard work, and they were soon panting, but the thought of the hungry birds kept them at the task even though their arms ached, and presently a nice, big table was all ready.

'Now for the wheat and crumbs,' cried Fred, hurrying back to the house. 'Breakfast will be served a little late this morning, but we can do better to-morrow.'

Fred and Dorothy crept behind some big trees, and presently a bird flew down on the table. Another and another came, until there were crowds of hungry boarders, as Dorothy called them, eating their breakfasts. It must have tasted very good, for they chattered and seemed to have a fine time with the crumbs and wheat.

After that it was great fun to watch the table when the meals were served. Rabbits, birds, squirrels, and even a stray cat came to enjoy the crumbs when the weather was very cold, and it took a great deal of food to keep the tiny bodies from freezing.

'I don't like it that the birds are all afraid of us,' said Dorothy. 'They all fly away whenever we come near.'

'They will learn to trust you in time,' said papa. 'They are timid little creatures, and want to be sure you are their friends.'

In a short time it was hard to get the tablecloth off without a lot of boarders camping on the table, as the children said when they had to brush off a new fall of snow. The little things found out that the children never would harm them, so all winter they flocked to their meals when they saw Fred and Dorothy coming. The children are planning to open their boarding house under the trees again this winter, and I wish there were hundreds of such kind little people all over the land during the bitter cold weather.

Saved by a Kind Providence.

A good story which has been translated from the German language, tells how Frank, a boy from the city, had been picking raspberries in the woods. As he was on his way home a violent storm arose. It began raining and lightning, and to thunder fearfully. Frank was very much frightened, and crept into a hole in an old oak tree not far from the roadside. He did not know that lightning is very apt to strike a hollow tree. But all at once he heard a voice that called, 'Frank! Frank! come quickly.'

Frank jumped instantly from the tree, but he had gone scarcely a hundred feet when the lightning struck the tree. The ground quaked beneath the terrified boy, and it seemed as if he was standing in the midst of fire. But he was not hurt at all, and exclaimed, with raised hand: 'That voice came from heaven! Thou, O dear Lord, hast saved me!'

But once more the voice was heard, 'Frank! Frank! do you not hear?'

He looked around, and saw a peasant woman who was calling. Frank ran to her and said: 'Here I am. What do you want of me?'

'I did not mean you, but my own little Frank,' the woman replied. 'He was watching the geese by the brook. See! there he comes at last out from the bushes.'

Frank the boy from the city, related how he had taken her voice as a voice from heaven. Then the peasant folded her arms devoutly, and said: 'Oh, my child, do not thank God any the less that the voice came from the mouth of a poor peasant woman. It was He who willed that I should call your name, although I knew nothing about you.'

'Yes, yes,' said Frank; 'God served Himself by your voice, but my escape came from heaven.'

Always remember that safety depends not on accident or chance, but on your heavenly Father.—Am. Paper.

A Passing Privilege.

(Cora S. Day, in 'Friendly Greetings.')

He was a white-haired old man, a bit bent and shaken by the rude storms of life. Yet he was a favorite with the young folks—perhaps because he kept still in his kindly old heart a spark of youth, that brought him into sympathy and accord with them. They were always glad to listen to him when he talked.

'It's a passin' privilege—a passin' privilege—this youth o' yours. You ought to make the most of it, while you can,' he said to a friendly group one day. One of the college boys turned with a smile as he repeated:

'Gather the rosebuds while you may,
Old Time is still a-flying.'

'Yes, yes; that's it,' agreed the old man, 'or at least a part of it. It's right that ye should gather the pretty things—the innocent pleasures of youth—while you're young.

'But there's other things to gather, too,—fruit as well as flowers. You want to gather up the things that are going to make your lives sweet and good all the way through. You can't gather up weeds and sticks and stones, and then sit down later and enjoy your collection. You can't build poor stone into a wall and have a good wall when it's done. You can't put a tree into the ground crooked, and let it grow all out of shape, and have a fine straight tree when it is grown.

'So you can't put poor, crooked living into your young days and make a good life out of it. It's your privilege to put the right sort o' things into your lives now, every day. Then you may be pretty sure that the rest of your days will be like them. But don't you forget, it's a passin' privilege. When the flowers and fruit are picked, when the wall's built, when the tree's grown, when the days of youth are gone, then it's mighty hard to change things, I tell you. Better make the most of your passin' privilege while it's yours.'

Pledge for Life.

A story is told of Lincoln that when he reprieved William Scott, condemned to be shot for sleeping at his post, he said to him: 'I am going to trust you, and send you back to your regiment. My bill for this is a very large one. I have left my work, and have come up here from Washington on your account. There is only one man in all the world who can pay the bill, and his name is William Scott. If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that, if I were there when he comes to die, he could look me in the face as he does now, and say, "I have kept my promise, and have done my duty as a soldier," then the debt will be paid. Will you make that promise, and try to keep it?'

The promise was made and kept. The soldier lived a life of courageous helpfulness, and died while rescuing wounded men. Every pardoned sinner is pledged to the Master for life.

LITTLE FOLKS

Sunnypate.

A Picture from Life.

(J. Blackmore, in the 'Sunday Magazine.')

Dear little Sunnypate
  Waits for a kiss:
Oh, what a plague
  And a treasure he is!
Clean little hands,
  And white little brow,
Spotless his frock
  And his pinafore *now;*
Cheeks like the roses,

  And curls fair and bright—
Just for one minute
  A beautiful sight!

Look at the rogue,
  A nigger again!—
Washing is useless,
  And scrubbing is vain,—
Rolling about
  And picking up dirt,
Spoiling already
  That clean little skirt.
Black as a coal,
  Rejoicing he sees
Mud on his hands
  And mud on his knees.

Yet he 'helps' mother,
  And works in his way,
Runs with her thimble
  Laughing away!
Empties her work-box
  With patience and care,
Hiding her cotton reels
  Under the chair.
Then to the wars
  He goes with a will—
Two little rosy legs
  Never are still;

Running too madly,
  The little feet trip—
Oh, what a clamor!
  And, oh, what a lip!
Poor little Sunnypate,
  Filled with alarms,
Finds himself folded
  In mother's dear arms.
Soon are forgotten
  The grief and the pain;
Lips begin smiling
  And chirping again;
Eyes look up brightly
  And see a new toy;
Hands are raised gladly—
  Life is all joy!
Off again, Sunnypate,
  Off to the wars!
Never a battle
  Was won without scars.

Who Tore the Wall Paper?

Mother stood looking at the wall paper in the upper hall, and her face was sad.

'I don't want to think Robert did it,' she said to herself. 'But some little hands must have been here.'

She stopped and smoothed out the torn and crumpled pieces that had been stripped from the wall—the beautiful new paper which had been on only three weeks!

Two-year-old Robert came slowly up the stairs, his big doll under one arm, his little tin cart in his hand. When he saw mother he smiled happily.

'Has Robert been a naughty boy?' mother asked gravely.

'No naughty boy! 'Obbie, 'Obbie dood boy!' responded the little fellow.

Mother looked into the clear blue eyes; they met her own as if they had nothing to hide.

'Did you tear this paper off?' she said.

The curly head shook decidedly.

'Mother said, "Obbie," 'Obbie no tear paper any more."' He held up his mouth for a kiss.

Mother kissed him, and then took him in her lap, and asked more questions about the torn paper; but he would not admit having touched it.

Gertrude was five, and mother could not bear to think that she had been so mischievous as to mutilate the new paper; but there was nobody else in the house, mother told herself, that could have done it, so with a sorry heart she went to find Gertrude.

The little girl denied having had anything to do with it, and denied it so stoutly that mother wanted to believe her; and yet how could the paper have been torn without hands?

The next morning, more paper was found hanging in strips. Both children were brought to tears by father's close questioning; but they could not be led to any confession of wrong doing. It was very strange. Neither father nor mother knew what to do.

That afternoon, as mother sat in

the sewing room, she heard a queer little noise. She stopped to listen. Gertrude was there, playing with her doll. She heard, too, and looked at mother. Softly mother crossed the room and crept upstairs, Gertrude following on tiptoe.

There sat Princess, the pet kitten, with one paw pulling the paper from the wall!

'O-o-h!' giggled Gertrude. At which Princess darted away like a naughty child, looking out from the farthest corner with such a comical expression of mingled guilt and pleading, that even mother had to laugh.

Robert heard and came upstairs, too, gazing wonderingly at Gertrude, who was pretending to scold the mischievous kitten.

Then mother gathered her babies in her arms, kitten, doll, and all—she was so glad to know that the culprit was innocent little Princess. —'Sunbeam.'

'Chippy.'

Ralph's brother brought him five baby squirrels which he found half frozen out in the field in the early part of November. Ralph took a small box and set about making a cage for them, dividing it into two parts—a living room and a bedroom. He put in an old woollen cap for them to sleep in, covered the front with wire screening, and cut a door in one end.

They were so small that for a long time he fed them nothing but milk, but as they grew older he gave them nuts and apples, which they gnawed with great relish. And that was not all they gnawed; they made holes in their little house, and all got out. This caused Ralph's mamma no end of trouble, for they scampered all over the kitchen and into the pantry, and stole everything they could find to eat.

When the spring came, however, Ralph's family of pets was rather small. Three of them had died, one of the remaining ones watched until he got a good chance, and ran away. So all that was left was 'Chippy.' It is about Chippy that I want to tell you.

Chippy was very tame and very cunning. You could pick him up, stroke his glossy coat, tell him not to bite you, and he wouldn't. He would run up on your shoulder and sit there, eating a nut or cookie. It was such fun to watch him eat cookies, he turned them round and round, taking little nibbles, until they were all scalloped on the edges.

Chippy was very naughty, too, at times, for had he not got into all sorts of mischief? Ralph's mamma had a beautiful Easter lily all in bloom,and Master Chippy, thinking it was a tree, ran up to the very top, breaking it over and spoiling the beautiful blossoms. Then, he proceeded to dig holes around the other flowers, throwing the dirt all over the shelf and floors. He always seemed to know when the the table was set, and would help himself liberally to anything that suited him. One day he tumbled head first into the sugar bowl; he was eating sugar, when he lost his balance and fell in. He would hunt around until he discovered the milk pitcher, and, putting his tiny front feet up on the edge of it, would drink until he had plenty. Should any one attempt to take him away, he would scold and chatter, and even fight. I shall never forget the day he stole the biscuit. It was so large and he was so small. He was just getting away with it nicely, backing off and pulling it after him, when he got too near the edge of the table and went rolling off, biscuit and all. It frightened him so that he ran under the couch and began to scold. It was some time before he ventured out, then Ralph captured him and put him back in his box.

Finally he got so naughty that we had to keep chasing him out of the house. Then he would run up the side of the house, go in the bedroom windows and hide in the beds, and if we tried to drive him out, he would stand up on his hind feet, scratch and fight, and finally go scampering and chattering down the stairs and out of the door.

After awhile he was driven away so much from the house that he became afraid to come near and at last he dissappeared entirely. Ralph hunted for him in those nooks of the trees and sheds where he used to go but no Chippy was to be found. But one day as he was walking up the hill on his way home from school, he thought he heard a familiar sound and lo and behold there on the stone wall sitting up on his haunches with ears straight up in the air sat Chippy. But Ralph could not catch him, for whenever he would come near the squirrel would jump away, springing from one rock to another as if to say, 'No, my little friend, I love to be free too well to be caught by you again.'

But Chippy did not forget his little master nor did Ralph forget him, for every morning on his way to school Ralph would begin to call him just as he started down the long hill and he would appear somewhere from out of the woods to receive his breakfast which Ralph never forgot to bring along in his pocket.—'The Child's Hour.'

Baby's Woes!

Pins in the carpet, tacks in the floor,
Needles in the drugget, wind through the door,
Fire in the fender! Oh, it beats all!
There isn't a place where our baby can crawl.

—Mary Mapes Dodge.

FOR DOLLY'S MAMMA.

Would you like patterns for dolly's clothes, like those mamma uses, only much simpler?

Get four little girls to join you and collect five cents from each. Send the money to us or better still, get mother to send it for you, (twenty five cents in stamps would do), and we will send to you five doll's pattern sets, very simple and easy to cut. They are all one size, for doll of 12 to 10 inches high, but you can cut larger or smaller to suit. Each set gives patterns for several garments. We select the styles from our stock; you distribute them to your little friends, and then the members of the club get together to sew, changing round their patterns so that all the dollies can share the styles. Wouldn't it be fun?

If you want these patterns you must write quickly, for we have only a certain number. They were so popular last year that we got all the maker had left, and when these are gone we can't get any more like them this season. Single orders for one set cannot be filled at less than ten cents, or two sets for fifteen cents.

This cut shows one set. No two sets alike in the five we send out to the 'Sewing Circle.'

Address your envelope Pattern Department, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

..HOUSEHOLD..

On the Safe Side.

Mrs. Campbell picked up the post-card that was lying by her breakfast plate, Saturday morning, and read aloud:—

'For some reason I cannot wash Monday. If nothing else happens, I will come Tuesday.
MRS. OLSEN.'

A laugh went round the table.

'How mysterious!' commented Janet. 'Apparently doesn't know the reason herself.'

'She means for a "certain" reason,' revised Norman. 'She doesn't want to tell that she's going to one of their Swedish picnics.'

'So likely—in zero weather!' Mr. Campbell chuckled, at his son's expense.

'Well, it upsets the whole week's work to put off the washing,' said practical Marion.

'Bother! I wanted her to do up my wash-silk dress for Tuesday night!' pouted Claribel.

But Dorothy's eyes were on her mother's face.

'I'm afraid Mrs. Olsen is in trouble,' said Mrs. Campbell. 'She is so faithful! I wish I could know—but she lives away out on Ninety-third Street.' She glanced at Norman, who was evidently too busy with his breakfast.

When the family gathered at dinner that night Dorothy was missing. 'She went out to Mrs. Olsen's for me,' her mother explained.

'Really, my dear,' remonstrated Mr. Campbell—and he expressed the feeling of every one at the table—'I think that was carrying a sentiment too far! To send your own child out in this bitter weather just on the chance—'

'Here she comes now, father!' cried Norman, in relief. 'Hurry up, Dot, and tell us what "some reason" means!'

Dorothy came into the dining-room and stood by her father's chair. Her cheeks were scarlet with the cold, but she was well protected in her warm wraps and furs.

'O mother,' she began in a hushed voice, 'Mrs. Olsen's husband died!'

'Dorothy!'

'Yes, very suddenly, the night before she wrote you that card. But you ought to have seen how thankful she was to you for sending out to inquire!' Here the impulsive girl threw both arms round her father's neck. 'Darling, it might have been you!' she whispered, and added aloud, 'oh, I wish you could have heard poor Mrs. Olsen talk about mother! She thinks she's the best woman in the whole world!'

'She is!' responded Mr. Campbell, fervently, his eyes full of sudden tears, and Norman pushed back his chair and went and kissed his mother.—'Youth's Companion.'

School Day Influences.

(By Sharlot M. Hall.)

There comes a period to all children, from ten to fifteen, when they begin to grow dimly aware of the mystery of life; to restlessly seek its solution, and to realize that the nursery story of the angel bringing little sister is not true. Their playmates drop bits of knowledge and the mysterious silence preserved by mamma only serves to whet their curiosity. Then come school days and associations, and after a year or two the mother would be much surprised if she could just know what is being talked among her children and their playmates.

I do not wish to speak against our schools, but I know from my own experience that neither teacher nor mother can have any adequate idea of what goes on among the children during play hours. I often wonder how parents can be so blind, so careless of the little notes that pass from hand to hand, and the secrets told with elaborate precaution. Children from all sorts of homes meet and mingle freely, and the stories told and language used is a shock to a thoughtful mind.

Perhaps I have the advantage of inside knowledge, for I went, a shy, quiet girl, from a lonely country ranch to a town school. The earnest intention to study medicine and make it my life work had given me considerable knowledge at a very early age, and to me the reproduction of life was a holy of holies. Absorbed in my studies, I did not join any class or set, and soon the girls laughed and joked and told their experiences before me as if I had been deaf or blind. They were all nice girls, from the best families; but the things I heard them tell made me resolve that no daughter of mine should ever leave her mother's care without the protection of knowledge.

The girls were not to blame; they were simply the victims of perverted curiosity. They came from homes where these deeper subjects are tabooed and helpful books forbidden. Their mothers were advocates of innocence preserved by ignorance, not protected by knowledge.

What a sad mistake! It was the girls kept in ignorance by mothers who listened most eagerly to those unspeakable tales. The sweetest innocence is knowledge that closes ears and mind to all low influences.

Every mother should herself give her children, both boys and girls, this knowledge by the time they are ten years old, or twelve at the farthest. Not fully, perhaps, but by degrees. Show them the wonders of plant life, and lead up so to the higher.

Boys need this home training far more than girls, for they come earlier in rough contact with the world, and see and hear so much that is spared their sisters. Older boys are all too ready to teach the little ones evil things, and grown men are brutally careless of their words and actions. Many a boy has ruined mind and body in his pitiful ignorance and before his parents would have believed the thing possible.

Cleaning Clothes.

Velvet collars can be restored to freshness by holding over a kettle of boiling water wrong side down for a few minutes, then placing on a smooth table and brushing immediately with a soft brush.

Articles cleaned by the sponging process do not, as a rule, need pressing, but if they do lay an old damp cotton cloth on the right side and pass a hot iron over, taking care to remove it before the steam rises, or a shiny place will remain.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

Only 15 cents each, two for 25 cents, postpaid.

1. Cook Book 700 Recipes.
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IS the man who ACTS—the man who DOES. You've been thinking, often that you would like a better position—that you would like to be making more money—that you would like to step up higher. Thinking—thinking—but what have YOU been DOING?

Have you taken the first step toward FITTING YOURSELF for better things? Have you ever tried to find out HOW you could do it? We are prepared to TELL YOU HOW!

ACT—sit down now and write to us. Tell us plainly about your present education, what you want to be, what you want to do. It will not cost you anything to get our advice, and you will be under no obligation to take a course. All we ask you to do is to take advantage NOW of the chance to find out how we can help YOU to be THE MAN TO WIN.

We teach you in your own home in your spare time: Complete Commercial Course, Shorthand and Typewriting, Matriculation, Teachers' Courses, Beginners' Course, Mechanical Drawing, Steam Engineering and over 100 other subjects. Ask now for what you need. BE A DOER—ACT NOW.

Address as below to Department N.

TORONTO, CANADA.

CANADIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE LIMITED

A Unique Set of Views.

Last summer the attention of the civilized world was focussed on the Dominion of Canada, and in particular on Quebec, where the most wonderful pageants were enacted that the world has perhaps ever seen. Thousands upon thousands were there to see; thousands upon thousands enjoyed and still treasure the many pictures issued showing the various scenes in which King and courtier, soldier and citizen, Indians and pioneer settlers mingled in tableaus of almost unparalleled magnificence.

But pictures have their limitations, and for this reason we welcomed an opportunity to put before our readers a unique series of stereographs of the wonderful Tercentenary scenes.

Stereoscopes are no novelty; almost every family through the country has one (though we can supply those who have not), but not every family has a good set of stereoscopic views, in other words stereographs.

Now there are stereographs and stereographs. We have ourselves supplied stereographs that were exceedingly good in their way—we have them still for those who want them—but these new stereographs, made by a special stereoscopic camera with special lenses and on special plates, and with the very latest photographic methods are something wholly different.

As you look at them through the stereoscope you forget they are mere pictures, you forget even that you are looking at pageantry at all; it seems as though you must be an unseen observer of stirring scenes of long ago—and that the figures before you are living, breathing, and all but speaking, men, women and children.

We believe the well-known Keystone View Company, with whom we have made these special arrangements, are the only firm that can supply stereographs covering the entire events of the Quebec Tercentenary, and these sets are being bought on every hand.

The full set comprises over a hundred views, but we have had a selection of six dozen made for our readers, comprising the best and most interesting of these really wonderful photographs, to which we can not do justice in words at all. You must see them to appreciate them. The set of six dozen we have again subdivided into twelve groups of six each, so that, though a full set may for the present be out of the reach of most people, at least half a dozen may be secured as a start for a collection. A study of the titles (full list on application) will show you how wide the range is and how well the selections have been made.

OUR OFFER.

We are prepared to give HALF a DOZEN of these stereographs, i.e., one group you select out of the twelve groups of stereographs, to any subscriber to the 'Messenger' on any one of the four following plans:—

(1) For FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

(2) For ONE GENUINE new yearly subscriber to 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, and ONE NEW six months' subscription to the same publication at 50 cents.

(3) For ONE GENUINE new subscriber to the 'Canadian Pictorial,' at $1.00, and ONE NEW six months' subscriber to the same publication at 50 cents.

(4) For ONE GENUINE new yearly subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50.

In any of these offers two six months' subscriptions may count as one yearly subscription.

For CONDITIONS of this offer, see those governing all premiums—on another page.

After getting one set of six stereographs, you may get other subscribers in the same way and earn more groups of six views each, or if unable to get more subscribers you may purchase them from us at the regular rate of $1.00 per each half dozen.

This is really a great opportunity. At present we make the offer open for the next two months, but we are not sure that we will be able to extend that time, so that we would strongly urge our subscribers to act at once. The premium will, we know, be a continual source of pleasure to the whole family.

Send the money to us by money order, postal note or registered letter.

Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS ! PREMIUMS !

Open to Our Subscribers or their Families

given free as a return for a little pleasant w ork in introducing our publication into new homes. Some of the old favorites for which there is a perennial call, also many new ones. Something to interest everyone. No limit to the number of premiums that one person may earn, so long as the required number of NEW subscriptions at FULL REGULAR RATES are sent in.

All premiums sent post-paid anywhere in Canada, unless expressly stated otherwise. Everyone relies on our premiums — quality good—each premium just what we say it is. 'Far better than we expected' is the universal verdict.

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RENEWALS. Though all these premiums are calculated on the basis of NEW SUBSCRIBERS at full rates, we will accept renewals AT FULL RATES on the basis of TWO RENEWALS where ONE NEW SUBSCRIPTION is called for.

CONDITIONS OF ALL PREMIUM OFFERS:

A. Subscriptions sent in for premiums may be for Canada (excepting Montreal and suburbs), Newfoundland, the British Isles, or some of the postpaid countries mentioned in list on page 8; but not for other places, except by special arrangement.

B. A subscription claiming to be new must mean an actual increase in our subscription list—a subscription transferred from one person to another can not be counted as new.

C. No one may count his own subscription even if new, where a new one is called for, as that requires no work, and premiums are a reward for work done. Where renewals are called for it, one's one may be counted.

FOLDING POCKET SCISSORS.

Very handy for school use—or for the work bag. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

STAMP AND PAD FREE.

Any boy will be charmed with this rubber stamp, with his name and address on and self-inking pad; with care should last for years. Free for FIVE NEW subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SCHOLAR'S BIBLE.

A 'Minion' Bagster Bible—just the size for S. S. use. Free for THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

CUTTING SHEARS.

Indispensable to the home dressmaker. Eight inches long. Good tempered steel. Free to an old subscriber sending his own renewal at 40 cents and TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

CHILD'S TABLE SETS.

Three styles and grades of these attractive little sets, consisting of silver plated knife, fork and spoon in neat satinette-lined box. Will delight the little folks. A splendid Christmas present for the small brother or sister.

No. 1: Dainty and plain, beaded edge. Pretty and durable. Given for ONLY ONE RENEWAL and ONE NEW subscription to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

No. 2: Red Riding Hood Set. Triple plate handle of Fork and Spoon illustrating the famous old nursery tale. Very attractive. Given for TWO NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

No. 3: Aberdeen Set—extra heavy plate—prettily chased design on handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions at 40 cents each.

THREE USEFUL JACK-KNIVES.

No. 1: A fine two-bladed knife, made by Joseph Rogers, Sheffield, England. The cut shows style and make. Knife closed is four inches long. A useful tool for the adult, while every boy says 'It's a dandy.' Free for only ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents each.

No. 2: Only one blade, but extra large and strong, of fine tempered Sheffield steel. Polished hard wood handle with hole for chain or cord. A man's practical knife. Given for only ONE RENEWAL and THREE NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

No. 3. Two blades, hard wood handle, good steel. Chain and swivel to prevent its getting lost. A splendid knife for a school boy. Given for ONE RENEWAL and ONLY ONE NEW subscription to the 'Messenger,' each at 40 cents.

A FINE SET OF CARVERS FREE.

No better gift to any housewife. Sheffield make; blade 8 inches long; fine tempered steel, buckhorn handles. Free for only ONE RENEWAL and FIVE NEW subscribers to the "Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

FIVE INCH SCISSORS.

Just the thing for the work basket. Celebrated Boker make—good quality steel. Free for only TWO NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BLOUSE SET.

As popular this year as last.

This year we offer a set of 3 pins in large or small size, as desired.

Large pins have word 'Canada' across the face; small ones have no inscription. All made of best hard enamel, beautifully colored.

One set either size for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents.

MAPLE LEAF BROOCH PIN.

One Maple Leaf Brooch Pin in colored hard enamel, with word 'Canada' across the face, given for only ONE NEW subscriber to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents (or Maple Leaf Stick Pin, if preferred.)

GIRL'S PEN KNIFE.

Very dainty—2 1-2 inches long, slender nickel handle, no pear' to break off, two blades. Free for only TWO NEW subscriptions to the 'Nessenger,' at 40 cents.

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If you've never used one, just try it. Can't cut yourself. A novice can handle it. 'Once tried, always used.' Each razor has twelve highly tempered blades, which can be honed and stropped if desired, so they will last for years.

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LEATHER HAND BAG No. 2.—The stylish 'Squaw' bag (nine inches) in soft leather, tan, brown, or black, cut leather fringe and ring handles. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' at 40 cents each.

SET OF TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.

Handsome set of three combs, extra strong, rich brown tortoise, ornamented with brilliants.

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LADIES' LEATHER PURSE.—The new 'Envelope' design, with two flags and fasteners—in black or brown leather, with finger strap. Given for ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscriptions to the 'Messenger,' all at 40 cents.

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A very satisfactory fountain pen, guaranteed by the makers to be 14k. gold nib well hammered, ensuring elasticity and easy writing. Usually sold at $1.50 to $1.75. Given for only ONE RENEWAL and FOUR NEW subscribers to the 'Messenger' at 40 cents each.

See 'King's Book,' Stereographs, and other premium offers elsewhere in this issue.

REMEMBER! All the above premium offers are for absolutely new subscriptions at 40 cents each. Two renewals at 40 cents to count as one new subscription. Further particulars cheerfully given. Sample copies, and subscription blanks freely and promptly sent on application.

Remit the correct number of subscriptions for any of the above offers. Name your premium clearly and it will be sent at once. If short one RENEWAL, add 15 cents; if short one NEW subscription, add 25 cents.

Address, John Dougall & Son, Publishers of the 'Northern Messenger,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

P.S.—In any of the above offers one NEW subscription to the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead,' at $1.00, will be taken as equal to two 'Messengers,' or one NEW subscription to 'World Wide,' at $1.50, as equal to three 'Messengers.'

KEEP THIS PAGE FOR REFERENCE.

THE KING'S BOOK.

The 'Letters of Queen Victoria,' published in popular form by direct command of His Majesty, King Edward, is certainly the 'book of the year.' Three splendid volumes giving much of the private correspondence of our Late Beloved Queen, and taking the people into the confidence of Court and Cabinet as has never been done before. The work was issued first in 1907 at a price of over $15.00. Now all can have the very same matter in three volumes, bound in crimson cloth and illustrated, at the very low price of $1.50. Supplied from this office. The King wants all his subjects to have this work, and they will all loyally respond so far as at all possible.

Besides supplying it by mail to any of our subscribers for $1.50 (POSTAGE EXTRA, 25 cents), we offer it on a premium basis as follows:—

1. One set complete as a premium for SEVEN GENUINE new subscriptions sent in at 40 cents each to the 'Messenger.' (This offer could be used to secure it for School or Sabbath School Library.)

2. One RENEWAL and one NEW subscription and a set of the books to each subscriber for only $3.50.

3. One RENEWAL and two NEW subscriptions and a set of books to each subscriber for only $5.00.

These books, secured on a premium basis, are sent postpaid.

N.B.—The usual conditions govern this as all other premium offers. See another page.

Remit by money order, postal note or registered letter to John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

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'The 'Witness' EXERTS A MOST BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE in the homes and hearts of our people.'—The Late Archbishop Bond, Primate of all Canada.

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'The 'Witness' DESERVES THE GOOD WORDS THAT HAVE BEEN SAID OF IT.'—'Christian Guardian.'

The friends of the 'Witness' will do it a service by showing these testimonials to their friends. Those who do not know it may safely try it on such recommendations as these.

Samples sent promptly on request.

See the subscription rates elsewhere in this paper.

SHOW THIS TO YOUR MINISTER OR TEACHER

'World Wide' Cartoon Number.

If your minister or teacher does not take 'World Wide,' they would be greatly interested in the annual cartoon number of 'World Wide,' which gives a selection from the best cartoons of the year, also a complete index to the year's contents besides the usual numbers of articles. Gives a splendid idea of the scope of 'World Wide.' Price, five cents, to any address.

CANADIAN PICTORIAL.

The 'Canadian Pictorial' is by all odds the best illustrated magazine in Canada and the best on the market for the money. Beautiful enamelled paper. Best of ink and printing. Crowded with exquisite photogravures. Song and story lend an added charm. To see it is to want it. A pleasure to every member of the household. A source alike of education and entertainment.

JANUARY ISSUE.

The January issue will be a splendid Mid-Winter Number. Winter sports and outdoor work in snowy weather, etc

A $1,500.00 prize story and a rollicking old English ballad, (words and music complete) form two of the many attractions.

Annual Subscriptions

to the 'Canadian Pictorial' include all special numbers,

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In Canada, outside Montreal and suburbs, or in the British Isles, a club of three renewals for only $2.25. One renewal and two new subscriptions for only $1.50. A dainty gift card sent

WITH EACH GIFT SUBSCRIPTION.

Not too late yet for a New Year's greeting to your friend.

Wherever the 'Pictorial' goes, it wins a warm welcome. Try it in your home for a year, either alone or in connection with the valuable clubbing offers given elsewhere in this issue.

THE PICTORIAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,

142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

See also coupon on another page.

Special Club Offers

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Four copies of the 'Northern Messenger' to separate addresses, three of which are bona fide new subssribers for only.....	$1.00
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For all four papers see our Special Family Club, on page 15.

For brief description of these publications see "A Splendid Group" page 15.

Every 'Messenger' reader should take advantage of one of these **Special Clubbing** offers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON.

'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Church Chime Peal **BELLS** Memorial Bells a Specialty
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY CO., BALTIMORE, MD., U.S.A.

Syhopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Religious News.

The value of the gifts made by the Emperor and Empress of Japan for various forms of Christian work can not be measured in terms of Japanese currency. They have given 10,000 yen for the Young Men's Christian Association tent-work in Manchuria, and 1,000 yen for the work of Mr. Hara in behalf of ex-prisoners, and promised 1,000 yen per annum for ten years for the Okayama orphanage. More valuable than the money is the influence of the act upon the people, whose attention is called to the humanity and benevolence of Christianity.

A specially bound and inscribed copy of the Arabic Bible has been presented by the committee to his Holiness the Patriarch of the Coptic Church, and a similar Bible to the Archbishop of Behera and Menoufieh, who resides at Alexandria. Both these dignitaries gave a very cordial reception to the Rev. A. Taylor, secretary of our society, when he visited Egypt early in the year. The Coptic Church is steadily increasing in sympathy with Bible distribution, and the movement inaugurated by some of the younger men to co-operate with the Bible Society is being developed with enthusiasm and excellent results. —'Bible in the World.'

The following account of Mohammedan aggression in North Africa is extracted from an article by Rev. T. Broadwood Johnson, in the June number of the 'Church Missionary Review.' There is certainly a challenge in it to Christian enterprise and zeal:

Mohammedan North Africa is advancing surely and steadily southward across the Sahara, which is no longer the barrier it once was. Instead of being an unbroken desert, as once thought, it is now known to contain teeming pagan tribes. A great range of mountains has hitherto proved an obstacle to advance, and Mohammedanism has been kept in check; but with the partition of Africa among the powers of Europe has come a new danger. The old mountain passes are being crossed by roads, and the existence of a protective government is encouraging a new activity. The Koran is being brought down among the pagan tribes and is prevailing. When once claimed by the Moslems, these tribes will be ten times more difficult to reach with the Gospel. A traveller tells of encountering a tribe who meet regularly for prayer, and the burden of their petition is: 'O God, we know that thou art holy and we want to worship thee, but we do not know how. We are in darkness. Send us light.' And these must soon be enveloped in the advancing wave of Mohammedanism from the north.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than
EPPS'S
A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.
COCOA
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'MESSENGER' PATTERNS

FOR THE BUSY MOTHER.

SMART JUVENILE FASHIONS.

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Was caroling forth at will;
And as I awoke and listened,
To the joy of the little bird,
I thought the sound of his music
Was the sweetest I ever heard.

But when one day I happened
To pass the playroom door,
I saw two little children
Cuddled upon the floor,
And knew as I heard their voices
Ring out in their baby glee
That the sound of that merry laughter
Was the sweetest sound to me.

—Selected.

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Simpson's Sale of Wear for Women in White.

JANUARY, 1909 — FIRST MONTH OF THE YEAR OF PERFORMANCE.

We mark the initial advance of business on the first floor of the New Building by the opening of the Annual January Sale of Whitewear. The same occasion influences the whole store wherever white goods are stocked. WHITE is the key note of the month.

But the main theme of the January White Goods Sale—THE UNDER MUSLINS—THE LINGERIE—what of it, this January?

Let us give you a few facts and figures, from which you may form your own conclusions.

We have over double the space for the selling of Lingerie this January, the wall between the old and the new building having been removed.

We offer nearly 200 different styles, every one "brand" new for this sale.

Last year's sale was the most successful of the long series of ever increasing successes.

We have aimed to out-do our former best, and we have a new building to help us.

Simpson's reputation for taste, quality and liberal sizing stand behind every January price.

Novelties abound—Parisian Hand-made Lingerie, three-piece Isabella Suits, new ideas and designs, new laces, new embroideries, etc., etc.

Following are a few sample values:

Night Dresses—Of fine nainsook, slip-over style, elbow sleeves, silk ribbon in casing around neck and cuffs, a dainty gown, lengths 56, 58, 60 inches. Regular price, $1.00 each. Sale price - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - **73c**

Corset Covers—Fine lawn or nainsook, two beautiful styles, one has dainty embroidery yoke, run with ribbons, one has pretty embroidery medallions, outlined with lace insertion, beading and silk ribbons, narrow frills of lace, full fronts, sizes 34 to 44 bust measure. Regular value, 75c each. Sale price, **50c**

Drawers—The new "Isabelle" skirt style, fine nainsook, no gathers or fulness at waist or on hips, wide frill with tucks, both styles, lengths 23, 25, 27 inches. Regular value, 65c pair. Sale price - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - **45c**

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